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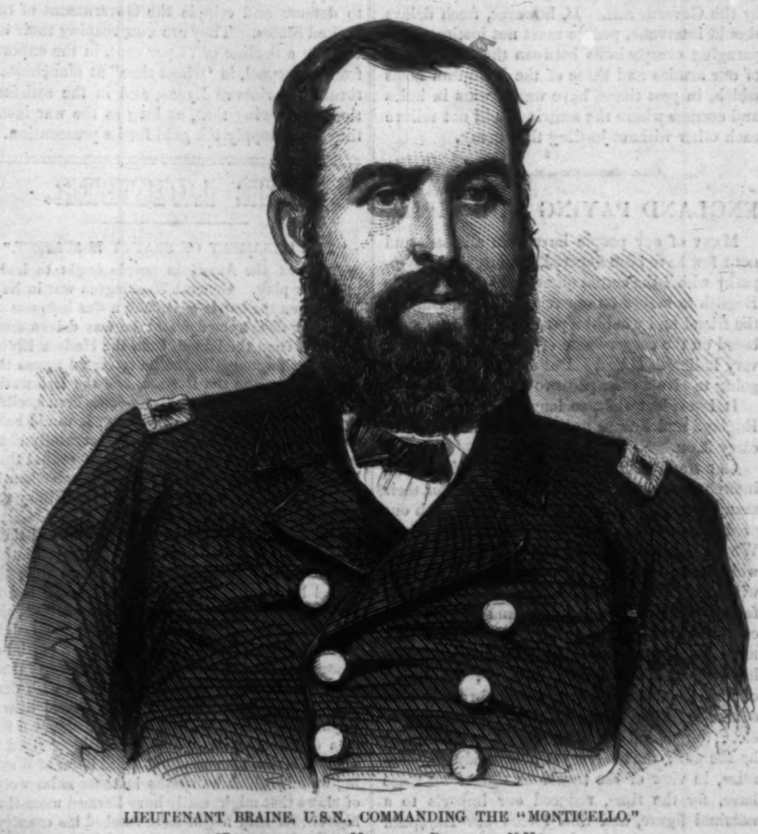
THE FIGHT AT CHICKAMACOMICO.

WE publish herewith a portrait of **LIEUTENANT BRAINE**, U.S.N., commander of the *Monticello*, and on page 677 an illustration of the **SHELLING OF THE REBELS** near Chickamacomico, North Carolina, by the *Monticello*. The details of the conflict are thus accurately described in the *Herald's* letter from Hatteras:

> On the morning of the 4th instant, about daylight, the look-outs of Colonel Brown's encampment, consisting of about eight hundred men of the Twentieth Indiana regiment, located some thirty miles above this place, reported six rebel steamers, with schooners and flat-boats in tow, all loaded with troops, coming out of Croatan Sound and steering straight for the encampment. There was no time to be lost, for it was evident their numbers were too great to resist without artillery, supported as they would be by the guns of the steamers. The Colonel immediately dispatched a courier to inform Colonel Hawkins, at Fort Hatteras, of his situation, stating that he would retreat to the light-house on the Cape, and there make a stand.
>
> The steamers landed about fifteen hundred men three miles above Colonel Brown, and then came on down, throwing shells into the tents, destroying them, also a house which had been used as a hospital, killing what sick remained therein. They then passed on down and commenced landing troops below, intending to cut off all retreat, and, having them between their two forces, make sure, no doubt, of bagging Colonel Brown and his men at their leisure. But they were not quick enough; for Colonel B. hastily destroyed what he could not carry off with him, and left on the double quick, and succeeded in reaching the light-house about nine in the evening, having performed a rapid march through the heavy sand.
>
> Colonel Hawkins, upon receiving the information from Colonel Brown, dispatched a note to Captain Lardner, of the *Susquehanna*, informing him of the condition of affairs, and then started on the double quick, with six companies of his Zouaves, to reinforce the retreating troops. Captain Lardner immediately got the *Susquehanna* under way, at the same time ordering the *Monticello* to do the same, and proceeded up and anchored in Light-house cove, about eight o'clock in the evening, within half gunshot of the light. At the request of Colonel Hawkins, Capt. Lardner remained at anchor to protect the troops against such superior numbers as were supposed to be in pursuit of them. He at the same time ordered the *Monticello* to double Cape Hatteras, and proceed close along the shore, and see if he could discover any traces of the enemy. He had proceeded but a short distance when the rebels were discovered in full plume and within half gunshot; the *Monticello* opened fire on them at once with shells that exploded with the utmost precision, scattering them in all directions, killing and wounding them by hundreds. The fire continued till night, when they escaped.

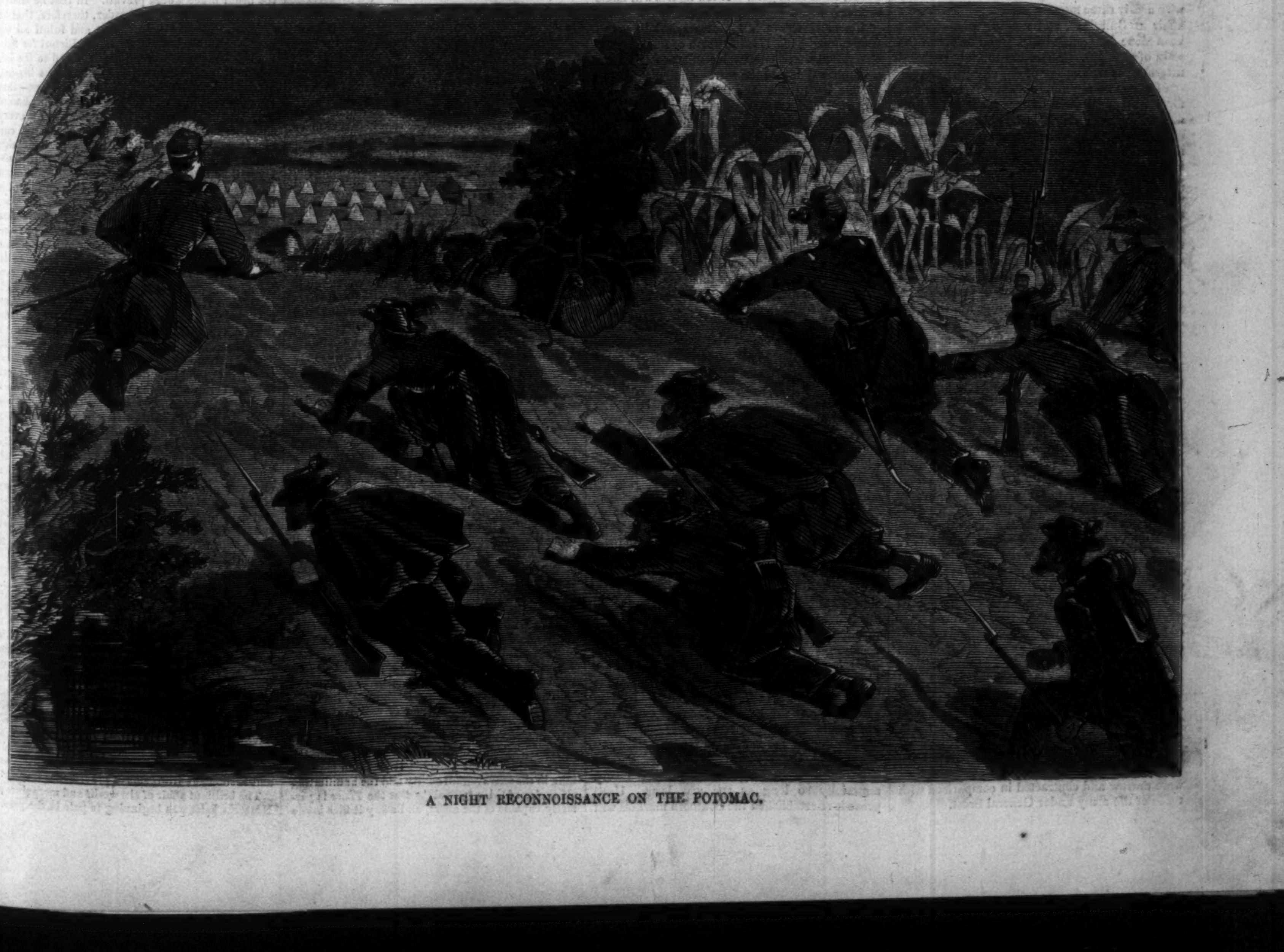
LIEUTENANT DANIEL LAWRENCE BRAINE was born in New York, May 18, 1829, therefore is 32 years of age. His mother was a Miss Hamilton, and father A. L. Braine, both New Yorkers. He entered the navy, as midshipman, May 30, 1846, at the age of 17; received his present commission in 1855. Of the fifteen years in the navy nearly twelve have been passed at sea. Was on board the *John Adams* at the bombardment of Vera Cruz; on board the *St. Louis* when Duncan N. Ingraham demanded the release of Kotszka; on coast-survey duty at Charleston and James River, under J. N. Maffit's command, for two years; then ordered to the coast of Africa; returned with a slaver. Was a few months on board the receiving ship *North Carolina*, and was ordered from there to join the *Roanoke*, stationed at Aspinwall. He sailed in the *North Star* October 20, 1859, to join his ship. She ran aground, and Lieutenant Braine took a boat and went to Fortune Island for assistance to the steamer. He was two days in an open boat. Returned to the United States with the Japanese Embassy; and again received orders to the *North Carolina*, where he remained until last spring, when he volunteered to join Captain Ward's flotilla; but ere the flotilla sailed Lieutenant Braine was detailed by the flag-officer to take command of the *Monticello* at one day's notice, and the *Monticello* sailed for Fortress Monroe. The *Monticello* was in the expedition to Hatteras, where she got aground; eleven shots struck her, and she was sent to the Philadelphia Navy-yard for repairs. She has captured several vessels; and this last affair at Hatteras Inlet shows that her first lieutenant—now ordered by the Department commander of the *Monticello*—has ever been active and prompt.

Our portrait of **LIEUTENANT BRAINE** is from a photograph by Messrs. **A. MORAND** & Co., of 297 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose establishment is one of the best and most extensive in the country.



LIEUTENANT BRAINE, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE "MONTICELLO."

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORAN, OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.]



A NIGHT RECONNOISSANCE ON THE POTOMAC.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" IN THE STORM.

On page 685 we publish a couple of illustrations of the "Great Eastern" in the Storm which disabled her, from sketches by Mr. C. F. Hayward, F.R.I., of London, England. We have already mentioned the circumstance in our news columns; but in order that our readers may the better understand the state of affairs, we condense the following account from the Liverpool papers:

> The rudder-pin having been broken, the ship fell into the trough of the sea. The passengers went down to dinner, and from that moment commenced a chaos of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Every thing breakable was destroyed. Furniture, fittings, services of plate, glasses, piano—all were involved in one common fate.
>
> It now became known that the rudder was unmanageable.
>
> About six o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two rolls of sheet lead, weighing some hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel with fearful force. These having been secured, another start was made, when a tremendous grinding was heard under the paddle-boxes, which had become twisted, and the floats were grinding against the side of the ship. The paddles were stopped, and thenceforward the scene is described as fearful in the extreme.
>
> The ship rolled so violently that the boats were washed away. The cabin, besides undergoing the dangers arising from the crashes and collisions which were constantly going on, had shipped, probably through the port-holes, a great deal of water, and the stores were floating about in utter confusion and ruin.
>
> Some of the chandeliers fell down with a crash. A large mirror was smashed into a thousand fragments, rails of balusters, bars, and numerous other fittings were broken into numberless pieces. Some idea of the roughness of the night's incidents may be gathered from the fact that the chain cables polished themselves bright with friction on deck. A spare riding bit gave way on the cable deck, and knocked a hole through the ship's side. Two oil tanks also on the cable deck were so much damaged by another concussion that two hundred gallons of fish oil contained in them ran into the hold, and caused during the rest of the unhappy voyage a most intolerable odor.
>
> The luggage of the passengers in the lower after-cargo space was lying in two feet of water, and before the deliverance of the ship was effected the luggage was literally reduced to rags and pieces of timber.
>
> Twenty-five fractures of limbs occurred from the concussions caused by the tremendous lurching of the vessel. Cuts and bruises were innumerable. One of the cooks on board was cast violently by one of the lurches against the paddle-box, by which he sustained fearful bruises on the arms, puting it out of his power to protect himself.
>
> Another lurch drove him against one of the stanchions, by which concussion one of the poor fellow's legs was broken in three places.
>
> The baker received injuries of a very terrible character in vital parts; and one of the most striking incidents of the disaster was this poor, brave man crawling in his agony to extinguish some portion of the baking gear which at that moment had caught fire.
>
> Two cows, with their cow-houses, and a swan were washed into the ladies' cabin, and added not a little to the terror of the lady passengers.
>
> The final escape of the great ship and her safe arrival at Queenstown have already been noticed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 26, 1861.

WHY THE WAR MOVES SLOWLY.

A GOOD deal of impatience is expressed by people at the slowness with which the war progresses. Our excitable citizens would like at least a battle a week, and can not understand why nearly three months have elapsed since the affair at Bull Run, and nothing whatever has been done by General M'Clellan to efface the stain of that day. These murmurs have found utterance in one or two of our city journals.

Many reasons—amply sufficient to account for our slowness—will at once occur to the candid reader. In April last, only six months ago, we had neither money, nor army, nor navy, nor commissariat, nor transportation, nor medical bureau, nor any thing else requisite for military operations on a great scale. Now the Government has as much money as it needs, a well-appointed army of 350,000 men, a well-armed navy of some 300 vessels, and transportation, commissariat, etc., in good condition and ample amount. To have created a first-class army and navy in six months is evidence not of slowness but of unparalleled dispatch. The great armies and navies of Europe are the fruit of years of toil.

But a still better excuse for the apparent slowness of our military and naval movements is derived from the extent of country covered by the war. It is safe to say that there never was a war before prosecuted on a line of such length. From Fortress Monroe, Virginia, to Lexington, Missouri, is over 1000 miles, and we may be said to be guarding every foot of this distance. Our pickets are almost within hail of each other along a line as long as from Havre, in France, to Gibraltar, in Spain; or from Vienna, in Austria, to Brest. If we compare this distance with that occupied by the lines of the great armies whose campaigns are written in history, we shall see how unprecedented our present circumstances are. The whole of the great Italian war of 1859—in which some 800,000 men were engaged—was waged in an area less than that of New Jersey or of Vermont, and neither belligerent ever occupied lines extending over 150 miles in length. The Crimean war of 1854-'5 was waged in an area about the size of Manhattan Island, and the lines guarded by sentinels seldom extended, on either side, beyond 20 miles front. Wellington, in the Spanish Peninsula, covered a front line of some thirty miles; and Napoleon, in Italy and Germany, about the same. Even the operations of the great French army of 1812 were narrow and contracted in comparison with those of the army under General Scott.

So with the navy. In the Crimean war the combined fleets of England and France devoted their whole energies to the blockading of three isolated sea-ports, and the assault of three isolated forts. In the old European wars there never was an attempt made to perfect a blockade of a long coast line. England never attempted to close, with ships of war, *every* French port. She blockaded a port here and a port there, and left the others to be looked after by flying squadrons. We have a close coast-guard extending along a line 2000 to 3000 miles in length, and hermetically sealing at least twenty-five established ports of entry. The lines of our "blockade" would encircle all Europe, with the exception of Russia. When it is remembered that, at the outbreak of the rebellion, we had but one available ship of war in a loyal port, it must be confessed that this is doing pretty well.

Signs indicate that the impatient among our fellow-citizens will very soon be gratified by the occurrence of startling events. The day rapidly approaches which was long ago appointed for the commencement of active offensive operations by the Government. If, however, fresh delays should intervene, people must not institute disparaging comparisons between the movements of our armies and those of the European hosts which, in past times, have waged wars in holes and corners where the sentries could not relieve each other without jostling the enemy.

ENGLAND PAYING THE PIPER.

Many of our people have been amused, and not a few have been angered, by the evident sympathy which the cotton question has induced the English to bestow on our rebels. John Bull, as the friend and would-be protector of a new state based on the corner-stone of human slavery, is a very ludicrous object. But events, it seems, are going to give a finer point to the picture.

It is evident that, so long as this war lasts, England and France must furnish the money to carry it on.

Our trade with these countries consists of an interchange of our agricultural produce for their manufactures. They can not dispense with our produce, for they need it to feed their people. We can do without their manufactures, most of which can be made here, and not a few dispensed with altogether. If we stop importing manufactures from Europe, France and England are compelled to pay in gold for the food which they must have from here. This is precisely what has happened. The Morrill Tariff; the closing of the Southern markets, which formerly consumed large quantities of silks, cottons, wines, etc.; the general derangement of business caused by the war; the tendency of every body to economize, in view of the troublous times: all these have, for the time, reduced our imports to a nominal figure, and thus forced our European customers to pay for the food which they are taking from us in gold. A few figures will make this very plain.

Up to this date last year we had imported from abroad $185,114,968 worth of foreign merchandise, being some twelve millions less than we imported during the corresponding period of 1859. Up to this date this year we have only imported about $100,000,000 worth. Of dry goods we imported, during the first nine and a half months of 1860, $86, 348,114 worth; during the first nine and a half months of 1861 we only imported $37,467,522 of the same goods. Our exports, on the other hand, have been heavier this year than ever before. During the first nine and a quarter months of 1860 we sent abroad $71,819,519 of produce and merchandise, twenty millions more than we had shipped during the corresponding period of 1859; during the corresponding period of this year we shipped as nearly as possible $100,000,000 worth of produce to foreign countries. The effect of this diminution of our imports and increase in our exports is to be seen in the specie movement, which acts as the regulator of our foreign commerce. During the first nine and a half months of 1860 we exported to Europe $42,000,000 of specie, and imported about $5,000,000; during the corresponding period of this year we have exported about $3,500,000 of specie, and have imported $43,000,000. Thus it is evident that while we have been supplying Europe with food, France and England have been supplying us with gold to carry on the war.

Nor is there any prospect of a change in this state of things so long as the war lasts. The failure of the foreign harvests is an admitted fact on all hands. France has not had so short a crop for twenty years, and in this port alone there are at the time we write not less than thirty-five large vessels loading with American wheat for French ports. England, we are given to understand, is scarcely better off; the corn-dealers say that it will tax the whole mercantile navy of the two countries to the utmost to supply Great Britain with food enough to prevent the price rising to oppressive figures. It is as certain as any thing can be that our exports of produce to Europe will rather increase than diminish during the next nine months. On the other hand, there is no reasonable ground for believing that our imports will increase very materially so long as the war lasts. Until peace is re-established the Southern markets will remain closed. The Northern people, as a rule, may be relied upon to practice economies until they see their way clear out of the present embroglio. And politicians of all parties are agreed that, at all events as long as the war lasts, there must be no reduction in the customs duties. For the sake of retaining our specie in the country, and drawing gold from Europe, the most ardent free-traders are willing, for the time, to waive their opposition to high duties, and to vote for a tariff which shall render the importation of foreign luxuries a comparative impossibility.

Thus England and France, which might, seven or eight months ago, have crushed this rebellion in the bud by frankly informing the rebel leaders that they would not countenance the rebellion, are caught in the trap they laid for us. They believed, in their short-sighted selfishness, that the injury and the ruin of this country would be the gain of England and France, and they let the rebels go on from blunder to blunder, and misapprehension to misapprehension, and exerted all their energy to defame and cripple the Government of the United States. They are now reaping their reward in a decline of 75 per cent. in the exports from Liverpool, in "short time" at Manchester, threatened riots at Lyons, and in the satisfaction of knowing that, as long as the war lasts, they must supply the gold for its prosecution.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE ORNAMENT OF BEAUTY IS SUSPECT."

At least the American people ought to insist upon fair play. General Washington was in New York when the battle of Brooklyn was lost, one of our most disastrous defeats: he was driven from the city, from the island, from the Hudson River. Fort Washington fell, and he retreated across the Hackensack, and the Raritan, and the Delaware: had not Rivington's New York *Gazette* been forcibly suppressed by the Sons of Liberty, it would have reveled in abuse of him, and have scornfully challenged the friends of America to confess that they had been grievously and ridiculously mistaken in this Virginian surveyor, all of whose military exploits had been upon the frontier.

But the letter of his Secretary, and, until then, his friend, Joseph Reed, to General Lee, depreciating Washington; the Conway cabal against him; the forged letters, purporting to be his, published in London, could not shake him in his purpose, nor ruffle the pure current of his patriotism. His duty was to serve his country, not to satisfy a partial or ignorant criticism. He was not ignorant of these enmities; he sometimes spoke of them with deep feeling; and his last official act as President was to put upon record in the State Department a solemn denial of the letters slanderously ascribed to him. There is also an unpublished letter of Washington's in which he speaks in these calm words of blows that might easily have harmed more than himself, for they might have reached his country:

"We have some among us, and I dare say Generals, who wish to make themselves popular at the expense of others, or who think the cause is not to be advanced otherwise than by fighting: the peculiar circumstances under which it is to be done, and the consequences which may follow, are objects too trivial for their attention. But as I have one great end in view, I shall, maugre all the strokes of this kind, steadily pursue the means which in my judgment lead to the accomplishment of it, not doubting but that the candid part of mankind, if they are convinced of my integrity, will make proper allowances for my inexperience and frailties. I will agree to be loaded with all the obloquy they can bestow if I commit a willful error."

Whenever in our history we shall see any other leader upon whose ability great hopes have been reposed, clouded by circumstances which he could not control and will not explain, let us not at once throw to the winds all the confidence which we have gladly given him, but patiently wait until it shall be incontestibly proved that confidence was ill-founded. Nor then will every generous soul fail to distinguish character from capacity, nor refuse to an honest man his due because he does not seem to have the qualities which it is no shame to lack.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND GARIBALDI.

If some ingenious fellow should tell the London *Times* that President Lincoln was intriguing to succeed Jeff Davis as head of the rebellion, the London *Times* would instantly swallow the story and discharge a full broadside of horror at the awful duplicity engendered by American institutions and the demoralizing spirit of popular government. If another ingenious fellow should date from the city of Maine, in the State of San Francisco, and inform the same paper that all the rights of civil liberty were prostrate in the dust beneath the heel of a worse than Asiatic tyranny, because some pestilent traitor had been arrested and put out of harm's way, the London *Times* would publish it in full, and gloat over the superior happiness enjoyed under a mild monarchy, as the Factory and Mining reports, and all the tragical detail of English poverty, so amply attest.

But a more ingenious fellow than either sent word of a mare's nest to the London *Times*, and the judicious and honeyed sheet straightway led off in this style: "As if despairing of native genius or enterprise, the President at Washington has actually sent to Garibaldi to accept the post of Commander-in-chief, throwing into the bargain the emancipation of the slaves. It costs an effort to take in the extravagant oddity and the humiliating character of this proposal." But the *Times* is perfectly capable of the effort, and away it flies into a ludicrous programme of the possibilities and consequences of his acceptance.

There would certainly have been nothing remarkable or dishonorable in the offer of a position in our armies to one of our most illustrious naturalized citizens, and one of the most celebrated of living soldiers. It would in this have been peculiarly appropriate, that Garibaldi is famous for his unwavering opposition to the efforts of despotism to destroy the unity and liberty of his native land, and may be supposed to cherish the warmest sympathy with the effort of his adopted country to maintain her unity and liberty. It was no reflection upon the valor or ability of Washington, or Gates, or Putnam, or Greene, that the Continental Congress offered a Major-Generalcy to Lafayette. The foreign officers in our revolutionary service were noble men and faithful friends, but it so chanced that they did not win the decisive battles.

The amiable slanderer of the American people and its government, which is so horror-struck by the thought that a gallant hero may have been summoned to fight the battle of constitutional liberty in America, has not a word about the efforts of its friends the rebels and traitors to constitutional liberty to gain the support of the Indians. Why should it have? The London *Times* is the exponent of that British public opinion which allowed George Third to hire Hessians to fight his battles against the sons of Englishmen. It can of course only smile approval when rebels, striving to destroy the safeguards of constitutional liberty, in order to make slavery the corner-stone of a new government raised upon its ruins, summon savages to their aid.

THE OPERA.

Ever since the introduction of the Italian opera into England, the days when an enthusiastic admirer gave Manzoli a thousand dollars for a single ticket, and a rapturous devotee of music exclaimed: "One God, one Farinelli!"—ever since those days the opera manager has been one of the powers of fashion. We have had several in this country, but none who have worked more indefatigably for the public amusement than Mr. Ullman. That he has worked to his own profit is to be sincerely hoped. Nobody was ever so churlish as to grudge Mr. Barnum the money he may have made by his Jenny Lind enterprise.

But civil war and the opera are not friends. We hear frequently, indeed, that the Parisian theatres were never so thronged as in the reign of terror. But it is Paris which supports those theatres, not the rest of France. With us it is different. The opera audience of New York, and of Boston, and of Philadelphia is recruited from the other parts of the country. This is particularly so in New York. The ebbing tide from Newport, and Saratoga, and Sharon, and all the springs and shores, has annually left thousands of strangers tarrying in New York until the cold weather. The opera in October and November has been a study of our varied nationality.

But this year the South, as a body, is in arms against us, and waging a bloody and cruel war against the common Government. The autumnal visitors are not here. But the Academy is here, and Mr. Ullman is here, and his lease is here. Of course he concluded his engagement with the authorities of the Academy with the expectation that the usual peace would prevail. In that he shared a very general error. In order, therefore, that he may help himself pay his rent and fulfill all his promises—among which is that of Ristori for September, 1862—Mr. Ullman has proposed to the Directors of the Academy that he will take a benefit, upon condition—or rather, with the hope—that every stockholder will dispose of a certain amount of tickets at one dollar, from five to ten, for every share he may hold. The chorus, orchestra, employés, and several artists, volunteer their aid; the rent, of course, will be no expense. The outlay will be small, and the income will—not to put too fine a point upon it—put Mr. Ullman upon his legs. There will be two performances. The first, upon the 17th of October, will have passed before this paper is published; the second will be on Monday evening, the 21st October. A new comic opera, "now the rage in Paris," and an opera of Donizetti's, "Betty," never before sung in America, are the promises for Monday, with Miss Kellogg, Miss Hinkley, Signor Brignoli, Signor Mancusi, and Miss Carlotta Patti, to whom the famous Adelina is so greatly indebted, and who, but for a misfortune, might have shared her operatic laurels.

Mr. Ullman wisely speaks of "the bad moral effect" that would be produced by closing the opera in New York during the war, when it is kept open in New Orleans. The Governor of Louisiana has ordered the shops in that city to be closed every day at two o'clock, and the citizens to drill until dark; but for all that, the stockholders of the Opera-house have subscribed thirty thousand dollars, in addition to the usual nightly subscription of seven hundred and fifty dollars. The Secretary of the stockholders seconds the manager's appeal, and calls upon the shareholders to show that, "despite the treasure promptly found to supply *** war's expensive requisites," there is enough left to support the opera.

The reasoning is good; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Ullman's benefit may be truly beneficial.

LIEUTENANT BRAINE.

The late Mr. Secretary Toucey did his share in inaugurating the conspiracy against the Government by sending the national ships to the ends of the earth, so that when we were compelled to turn to all our resources there were, thanks to the estimable efforts of that distinguished patriot, but six available ships at the service of the country. We have had, consequently, to create a navy. The old American renown upon the seas was to vindicate itself if it could: and Commodore Stringham and Lieutenant Braine have proved that it can.

The brilliant affair of six weeks and more since at Hatteras Inlet was beginning to pale in the public appreciation, because it seemed only the beginning of a good thing which was not completed, and because of the capture of the *Fanny*, which seemed to indicate something like treachery. But the affair of Saturday week was an ample vindication of the pluck and skill of our naval officers. It was managed by a Lieutenant, and was a disastrous blow for the rebels.

Coming in force to recapture the forts, supported by sloops and steamers, they land and are marching over the sands, driving a regiment of loyal men before them. Suddenly the *Monticello* steamed around Cape Hatteras, and approaching the low shore opened a fatal fire. The stricken and appalled enemy turned and fled—but the ship moved steadily along their flank, pouring in the deadly hail of shot and shell. The fated traitors took refuge in a wood; but the fiery storm smote them there, and they ran wildly to the beach. Their own ships tried to return the fire; but it fell among themselves, and they desisted. As they struggled at the boats they were still within range, and two of the boats were sunk by the terrible cannonade. The rout and slaughter are pitiful to hear of. But the victory was complete, and the lesson most tragically solemn.

Will they learn it? Will they see in those sad four hours upon the fatal sand spit the work and the fate that lie before them? Do they suppose that the hand which fell upon them there so heavily is likely to be weakened as months pass? When the expeditions have sailed—when the American navy is nibbling at their shores and the army is driving them back—when universal apprehension breeds a panic that no law of any Confederate Congress can control—when the whole world, and even reluctant England, turn their backs, and this people who have resolved upon a certain result are more and more doggedly setting themselves to the work—then Lieutenant Braine's performance at Cape Hatteras will be seen to be but a promise and a symbol.

A FRIEND INDEED.

THERE is one newspaper which, during the bitter difficulties of the last six months, has been no less forcible and eloquent in stating and defending the cause of this nation than faithful to the great principle of constitutional liberty. Its course has endeared it to every patriotic American, and the name of the London *News* will be as much honored by our children as that of the London *Times* will be despised. Waywardness of opinion and profound ignorance are always to be expected of the *Times*, as any attentive reader of the paper for the last dozen years knows; but such deliberate, reckless, and malignant slander as has marked its course toward us was more than even that paper had prepared us to anticipate.

The London *News* has done us the inestimable service of fighting our battle where it would tell. What might be said in our journals in reply to the *Times* and kindred prints could only be known to the English public through the representations which they might choose to make. But the *News* has sturdily stood our friend. And as, in the older day, Edmund Burke was never so eloquent as when he spoke for justice in America, so the *News*, which is always able, was never so brilliant and powerful as in its advocacy of American civil liberty, assailed by traitors at home and by the foes of liberty every where.

The latest and most striking illustration of the faithful friendship of the London *News* is the following. The London *Times*, speaking of the Russian letter, says:

> "We shall be curious to see how this well-meant intervention will be received in the United States, for as yet nothing can be gathered as to the substance of Mr. Seward's short dispatch. Were we to argue from the treatment to which England has been exposed, we should have been little sanguine as to the result. Every thing we have done or omitted to do, every thing we have said or not said, has been subjected to the same coarse misrepresentation and the same unprovoked abuse. The press of the United States has never been weary of attributing to us designs which we never entertained—the recognition of the Southern States, the harboring their privateers, the breaking the blockade, and then of announcing that, terrified by their threats and insults, we had reluctantly given up our nefarious projects. If the same measure be meted out to the Emperor as to us, he will receive a very ungracious acknowledgment for his well-meant intervention. We are, however, sanguine enough to believe that this will not be the case, and that we should be doing injustice to the people of the States if we should assume that the treatment which England receives at their hands is a fair measure of their courtesy to foreign nations. On the contrary, we have reason to believe that we stand in the United States on the footing of the least favored people of the earth."

To this the London *News* answers:

> "If any European counsel could have been of use to the United States, it would have been that of his Imperial Majesty. Other sovereigns have doubtless ardently desired an opportunity of expressing to the Government and people of America the concern with which they are spectators of their trials. In the case of the English Government this was manifestly impossible, if from no other cause from the mean and base passions which found prominent expression in our newspapers from the beginning of the American troubles, which have provided a malignant and unfailing commentary on every phase of their development, and in the light of which every official manifestation would be judged."

THE RETURN OF DR. HAYES.

DR. HAYES'S Arctic expedition has returned, after an absence of fifteen months. The explorers were unable to penetrate much beyond the eightieth degree of latitude, and the detailed results of the voyage are yet to be known. Probably it has added little to our previous knowledge; for the course of the expedition was not unusual, nor did it reach so remote a point as some others. But the romance and the heroism are always the same, and every voyage does us the great service of destroying the terror which invests the silent world of ice.

The Hayes's expedition is saddened upon its return by the death of two of its members. In Mr. August Sontag we lose an artist and an enthusiast. His name was not unfamiliar to those who know any thing of our artists; and he entered with great ardor into the Arctic scheme in which he has perished. Whether he has left many sketches of northern scenery we have as yet no means of knowing. But the Doctor will doubtless prepare a volume of his adventures, and it will be naturally illustrated by such drawings as Sontag may have made.

The Arctic enthusiasm has doubtless died away for the present, both here and in England. It is periodical rather than persistent, like so many other great undertakings. Moreover, the alienation of national feeling, which will be the inevitable result of the conduct of England toward us in our dark day, will for many a year prevent any hearty co-operation in arduous enterprises, as it will sadly chill the friendly relations which ought always to exist between England and America, and which, by our action, would never have been interrupted.

THE LAST STROKE OF THE BELL.

A GENTLEMAN who recently made his way to the North from the South was stopped in Nashville to procure a permit. He was taken before a Vigilance Committee of rebels, whose chairman was John Bell, the late "Union" candidate, by distinction, for President of the United States. Mr. Bell was desirous that the permit should be granted at once, but the Committee were not so courteous, and it was only after a close examination and due deliberation that it was granted.

There is something so pitiful in the position of this man that charity would keep silence, but that true national honor demands that the lesson of his example shall not be lost upon the young and aspiring men of this country. By "Union" Mr. Bell meant precisely what Mr. Stephens meant—the dominance of his section. The Chairman of the Convention which nominated him called the great question which was the real issue of the last election—namely, the extension and confirmation of the power of Slavery in the National Government—"a miserable abstraction." The Chairman differed in his views from the ablest men of all parties in the country. So little of a miserable abstraction was it, that it was vital enough to imperil the very existence of the Government.

If by "Union" Mr. Bell had meant the nation, the Government, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws at every cost, against Jeff Davis, and Howell Cobb, and all the army and navy officers who might be false to their flag, and were trying to ruin the Government for the benefit of slavery, as well as against those who could not conscientiously treat as criminals men whose only crime was the misfortune of being born—if *this* had been the Union he meant, he would have stood upon ground where he could stand just as firmly to-day.

But Mr. Bell's doctrine was Mr. Buchanan's—that the Union existed by sufferance; that it was very naughty to break it up, but it could not lawfully help itself if the effort should be made. Suppose he had been elected President—where would this nation be to-day?

The moral is, that every man should clearly understand that there can be but two grounds: either the absolute unity of the nation and the unconditional supremacy of its Government in all national affairs, or the absolute independent supremacy of the State governments. Between the two there is no halting. The position which Kentucky hoped to hold was really Jeff Davis's position. He thought that it was better for Mississippi to go out, but absolutely by right of her own will, not by any national permission. So the citizens of Kentucky thought that it was better for her to stay in, not because she had no more right to secede from the nation than the city of Louisville has the right to secede from Kentucky, but by right of her own sovereign will. It is an error from which they seem to have nobly recovered. There can not be two sovereignties. Some of the attributes of sovereignty—such as the taking of life, for instance, are retained by the States; but the great, final, imperial powers of sovereignty have been delegated by the people of the States to the national Government: and when that Government is destroyed, they do not necessarily revert to the States, but to any number of people any where who can succeed in organizing and maintaining a new Government.

Mr. Bell has fallen as few public men fall. Deserted by his old friends, despised by his new, the man who was pointed to us as the special representative of patriotism, and, therefore, worthiest to be President of the United States, hastens to traitors, who suspect him, and disappears from the history of his country, the inefficient leader of a gang who seek their country's dishonor and destruction.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

MR. DICKENS'S admirable tale "Great Expectations," which was introduced to the American public in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, has been dramatized by Mr. Aiken, and is now being played at Barnum's Museum. It is an effective play, and is having a good run. Plays based on Mr. Dickens's stories are sure to contain nothing which can offend the most fastidious taste or the nicest sense of morality.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—They had better have stuck to the name of *Leviathan* for the *Great Eastern*, for it seems that the Shareholders are doomed to blubber.

A BRUTE.—Our cynical friend Snodgrass, whose antipathy to learned ladies is only to be equaled by his admiration for ignorant ones, declares that the preference which strong-minded women show for blue stockings arises entirely from the fact of their requiring less washing than white ones.

TO BE PARTED WITH, for the veriest trifle, a LONG ESTABLISHED COLD, of a sonorous, deep-toned quality. The advertiser can highly recommend it, as it has been in his possession now for the last three years, and has never left him, either day or night, for a single minute. The only motive for parting with it, is because the owner has recently joined a Choral Society, and he finds that his fellow-students strongly object to his practicing with them. Six dozen boxes of cough lozenges will be thrown in, as a *douceur*, with the above. Immediate possession can be had, and a month's trial allowed for approval. Letters to be addressed to "A. BARKER, ESQ., care of the Secretary of the Tonic Sol-Fallal-de-Riddle-ol Association."

ANECDOTES FROM PARIS.

BY OUR TRAVELING COLLECTOR.

The fascinating Miss ****, being taken to the Hippodrome, inquired the meaning of the incessant cry, by the riders, "*Houp là!*" She was informed that it merely meant "Come up." This young lady is one of the few who never forget any thing, not even themselves. Next day, the *fille de chambre* at the hotel * * * was at least as much surprised as delighted at hearing a sweet voice, from an upper landing, cry, "*Julie, Julie, s'il vous plait, houp là!*"

A London artist passing the shop of M. Hautcœur, Rue de Rivoli, publisher of engravings, remarked that you would naturally go there for High 'Art.

The same unfortunate Cockney, having heard that horse-flesh is eaten at certain Parisian hotels, evinced the utmost horror when, looking over a *carte* at Vefour's, he came to the *hors d'œuvres*. He says that a saddle of mutton is the nearest approach he can bear to equestrian viands.

In all the Roman Catholic churches are now put up trunks inscribed "*Le Denier de S. Pierre.*" But as every body passes them, Brown says that we are all deniers of St. Peter. Observe the joke—"denier," one who denies.

"I see a paragraph, *mon ami*," said the *spirituel* Vicômte de ***** to an English friend, "I see a paragraph in one of your papers about worms in the eyes of geese." "Yes," said his English friend. "Well, *mon ami*, I do not know about that; but I think men who sit dangling a line in a muddy river all day are geese in the eyes of worms." "Ha, ha, not bad!" said his English friend.

L'Argent fait Peur is the title of a new Parisian piece. Seeing the name on a bill, Jones remarked, "Ah! don't it? When I saw my first white hair I thought I should a-dropped!" "Who cares?" said his friend Robinson.

SECESSION.

BY CÆSAR.

What fun dis here Sumcession am,
  For ebbery nigger, Pompey!—Yas, Sar!
Massar sumcede from Uncle Sam:
  'Pose you and me sumcede from Massar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADVANCE OF THE UNION ARMY.

THE Union army in front of Washington is now in possession of all the points lately occupied by the rebels—namely, Lewinsville, Munson's, Miner's, Upton's, Mason's, Taylor's, and Maxwell's hills, from which positions the enemy have retreated without showing fight. No rebels are visible within six miles of our front. The late heavy rains have swollen the Upper Potomac to fifteen feet above a fordable depth, thus rendering all movements of either army across the river impossible.

THE GRAND ARMY TO BE DIVIDED INTO CORPS D'ARMEE.

It is now understood that the army of the Potomac is to be at once divided into *corps d'armée*, each encamping from 30,000 to 50,000 men. Some opposition has been made to this plan by the older Generals, but the counsels of M'Clellan, strenuously urged, have prevailed.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

The accounts of Buckner's strength are found to have been much exaggerated. Many of his men are understood to be without arms and shoes, and but few of them are uniformed. Zollicoffer, who recently invaded the State from Tennessee by way of the Cumberland Gap, is known to have returned to his position at the Gap—his original purpose probably being only the procurement of supplies in the section of country invaded by him. On the other hand, the National forces are rapidly increasing, not only by the accession of regiments from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, but by the enlistment of the Kentuckians themselves, who, now that the occasion calls for prompt action, are flocking to the National standard by thousands. An instance of the spirit which animates them may be found in a skirmish briefly noticed in the papers, which took place near Hillsborough, in Fleming County, ninety-one miles east of Frankfort, a day or two ago. A body of three hundred rebels were attacked by fifty Home Guards, who completely routed them, and captured a number of Enfield rifles, sabres, pistols, and other articles of war.

RETIREMENT OF GENERAL ANDERSON.

The Louisville journals publish the documents referring to the retirement of General Anderson from the command of the Cumberland Department, and the appointment of General Sherman in his place. General Anderson deeply regrets that he is compelled to relinquish his post; but his feeble health renders it necessary for him to do so, and the selection of his successor, made on his own recommendation, gives him great satisfaction.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

General Frémont has advanced from Jefferson City toward Lexington. A scout has just arrived at Jefferson City, from Springfield, and reported at head-quarters that there were only 1000 rebels at that place. He also learned that Ben M'Culloch was at Camp Jackson, with only 150 men, waiting for reinforcements from Arkansas. A large party of M'Culloch's force, who were with him at the battle of Wilson's Creek, were with General Price at Lexington, and the rest are with General Hardee. Ben M'Culloch expects to join General Price at Sac River about the 20th instant, and the combined forces then expect to march on Jefferson City. This information was credited at the Missouri capital.

AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The position of General Rosecrans in Western Virginia is ascertained to be at Mountain Cave, twenty-five miles from Gauley, in a very strong position. He had recently advanced ten miles further, as far as Little Sewall, but subsequently fell back in order to draw out the rebels, who were strongly posted at Big Sewall, and induce them to give battle, but they declined the invitation. General Reynolds reports that the rebels under General Lee, in front of his position, have been driven back as far as Greenbrier Springs, twenty miles beyond their late rendezvous. They had destroyed nearly all their camp equipage, and left their wagons in the hands of our troops on the Huntersville Road upon their retreat.

ACTION ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

A New Orleans dispatch, contained in a copy of the Norfolk *Day Book*, which has by some means reached Baltimore, states that on the night of the 8th inst., detachments from several Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama regiments, effected a landing on Santa Rosa Island, drove in Wilson's pickets, and shortly afterward engaged the entire regiment. The Zouaves are credited with having fought with great bravery, and the rebels admit a loss of forty killed and about double that number wounded. Indeed, the dispatch indirectly indicates that the rebels eventually got the worst of the fight, although they claim to have spiked the guns of the Zouaves, destroyed all their camp equipage, and committed great slaughter among them.

THE SOUTHERN BLOCKADE.

Dispatches from the Gulf squadron state that the whole line of coast, from Galveston to the Florida reefs, is in a perfect state of blockade, and the garrison at Fort Pickens is in a position to attack Pensacola and the adjoining forts of M'Rea and Barrancas.

CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

The Government has secured a rendezvous on Ship Island, and one or two other points in the vicinity of the city, where troops can be easily landed, and where dépôts for provisions and ammunition can be securely placed; and besides the regular blockading force, there are at the entrances to the Mississippi River two United States sloops of war, a large propeller gun-boat, the steamer *Water Witch*, an armed schooner, and a pilot-boat, all of which are ready for active operations. It is reported that the Government is erecting batteries on the sand spit which commands the mouth of the Mississippi.

NO COTTON TO BE TAKEN TO NEW ORLEANS.

The fear of a descent upon New Orleans, and the desire to keep cotton out of the hands of the Yankees, have induced Governor Moore, of Louisiana, to issue a proclamation prohibiting the landing of any of the staple at that city after the 10th inst. He gives notice that, after that date, no cotton must be brought within the lines embracing that section of the State between the fortifications above Carrollton and those below the city, and extending back to Lake Pontchartrain. All steamboats, or other water-craft, arriving within the prescribed limits, will be escorted by an armed force above the point indicated, whether the quantity of cotton carried by them be large or small; and measures will be taken to prevent a violation of the rule by the railroads.

WHAT THE REBELS WANT.

The Richmond *Examiner*, an organ of the Rebel Government, says:

"Southern independence is already achieved; but the war can not be closed until we shall have reconquered the Southern territory which was basely surrendered to the invader by Southern traitors. Until we shall have planted our banners along the natural confines of our country, the war must go on. Had this territory not been basely relinquished, the war would have already been ended. All the life, and treasure, and sickness, and suffering, which it shall henceforth cost our country, will be upon the souls of the base men who betrayed their native soil, their homes, and hearth-stones, to the invader.

"It is idle to think of peace until we shall have reconquered the surrendered country lying south of the boundary we have defined. Geographically, politically, and strategically, Kentucky is a part of the South, which she can not afford to surrender to Northern control and jurisdiction. We can not afford to have imaginary boundary lines with the Yankees. The line of Kentucky and Tennessee is too intangible to mark the separation between North and South. Without a bold, natural line of separation like the great Ohio River, the border population of the South would be as completely demoralized through all future time as experience has proved it to have been during the events of the last five months."

THE "BERMUDA" AT SAVANNAH.

We have important information by way of Washington concerning the *Bermuda*, which so recently ran the blockade and entered Savannah. She is an iron-clad vessel of fifteen hundred tons burden; sailing from Liverpool on the 18th of August, she reached Savannah on the 16th of September. Her cargo contained 18 rifled cannon of 32 and 42 pounds; 2 Lancaster guns of 168 pounds weight; powder, shot, and shells for this ordnance; 6500 Enfield rifles; from 200,000 to 300,000 cartridges; 6000 pairs of army shoes; 20,000 blankets; 180 barrels of gunpowder; a large quantity of morphine, quinine, and other medical stores. The cargo cost $1,000,000. The vessel is now fitting out as a pirate, to prey on the returning California steamers. It is said that Commander Totten is to have charge of her; also that two more iron-clad steam frigates are expected at Savannah from England by the 15th of the present month.

THE INDIANS FOR THE UNION.

Later intelligence from the Cherokee Nation contradicts the former statements relative to John Ross, who with 8000 Indians had declared himself for the Union. A skirmish had taken place already between the revolted Indians and Ross's body-guard.

CANNONADING AT CHARLESTON.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 25th ult. says that, late on the evening of the 24th, the blockading steamer *Vandalia* having ventured nearer than usual to the harbor, the batteries of both forts opened upon her. For a time she replied with spirit, but the distance being very great, the firing soon ceased, and the steamer retired beyond range.

RETURN OF THE LAST POLAR EXPEDITION.

A dispatch from Halifax announces the arrival there of the Polar Expedition, under Dr. Hayes, which left the United States some two years ago. Two of the party have died during their absence, but the rest are well. The expedition spent last winter at Port Foulke, near Alexander, and proceeded during the last summer with dogs and sledges as high as lat. 81° 35′.

ACTIVITY OF COMMERCE AT THIS PORT.

From September 1 to 9th inst. inclusive, there have been 520 sail of vessels arrived from foreign ports at this port. During the same time there have been 559 clearances, also for foreign ports, of which 32 were for Liverpool, 11 for London, and 62 for Havre. There are now 35 sail up and loading for the port of Havre alone—all of which are loading breadstuffs.

RAILROAD COMPETITION.

A Washington correspondent writes: "Secretary Cameron is anxious to reopen the Baltimore and Ohio road, as, being a heavy owner in the Northern Central, he is charged with conniving at the disability of the rival road. Although the charge is unjust, he is anxious to avoid the semblance of any thing wrong or selfish, and will, it is said, insist upon the opening of the western road at the earliest practicable moment for government purposes. The moment the beef of Western Virginia and the salt provisions of the great West can come here by the way of Wheeling and Cumberland, prices will diminish. Every thing is obliged to pass over the Northern Central road, and such is the competition upon that line among shippers of goods, that not unfrequently a hundred dollars is paid for an immediate chance to forward goods—not to the company, but to a shipper whose name stands first on the books."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

THE London *Times* having announced that the three allied Powers contemplated an invasion of the soil of Mexico, the Government organ—the London *Post*—contradicts the statement, and repeats the assertion that a grand naval demonstration against the republic, and the sequestration of the customs revenues to payment of the debts, is all that is contemplated by England, France, and Spain. The treaty was not signed at the latest moment, and the Paris *Patrie* states that Napoleon had some hesitation in doing so. A French war ship had been, however, ordered from Brest to the Gulf of Mexico. The London *Times* says that President Lincoln approves of the intended demonstration.

ITALY.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

From Italy we again have rumors regarding the precarious condition of the Pope's health. At Bologna turbulent demonstrations had taken place, caused by the high price of provisions. Several arrests had been made, and precautionary measures had been adopted. In a circular, addressed by Count Ricasoli to the Italian Consular Agents, he states that the national flag of Italy covers 800,000 tons of shipping, manned by 100,000 sailors.

CHINA.

OUR SQUADRON COMING HOME.

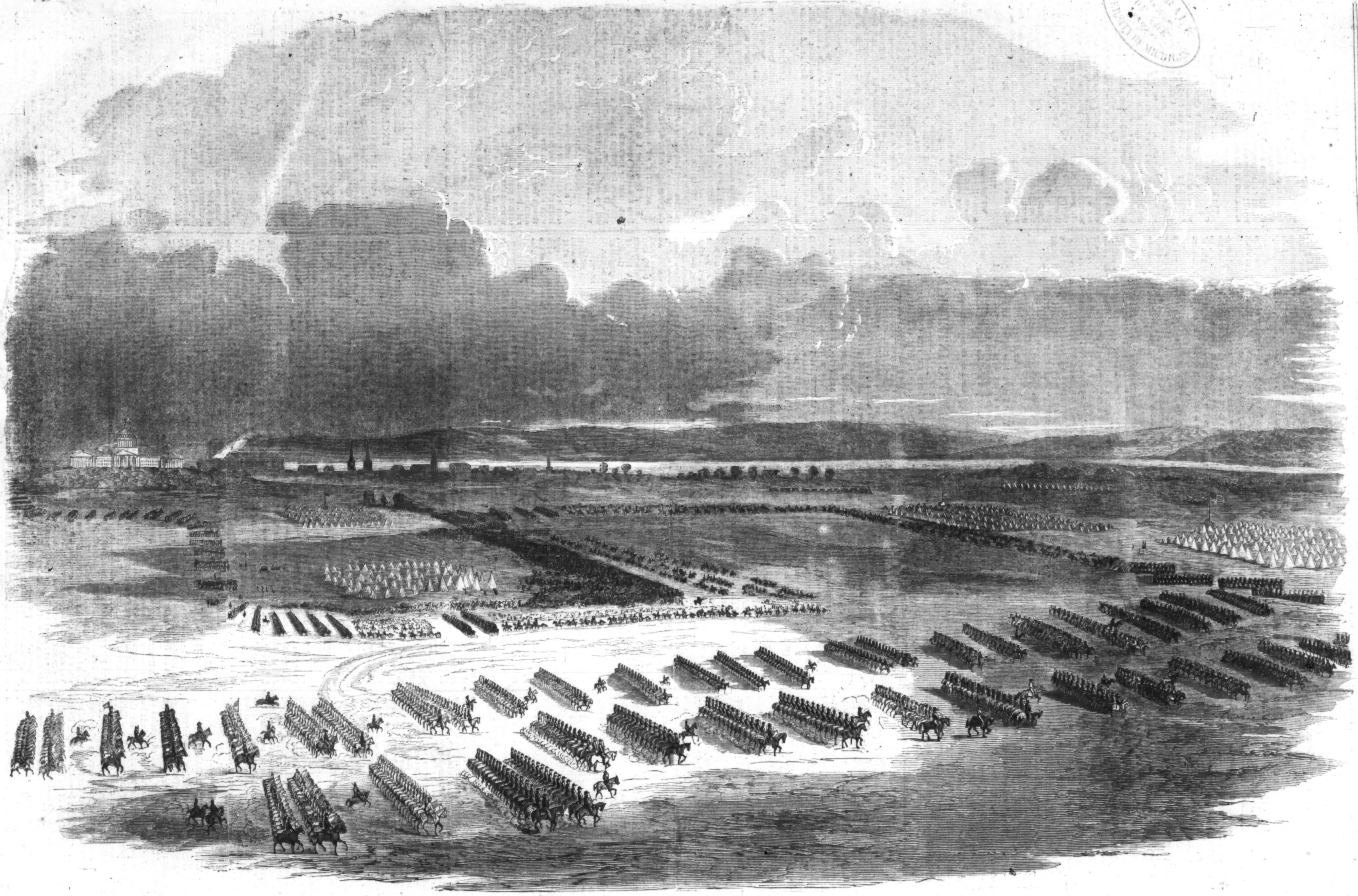
The United States squadron on the China coast is on its way home, with the exception of one small vessel, which had gone to Shanghai to overhaul a schooner which was fitting out, it was said, as a rebel privateer in that port.

CANADA.

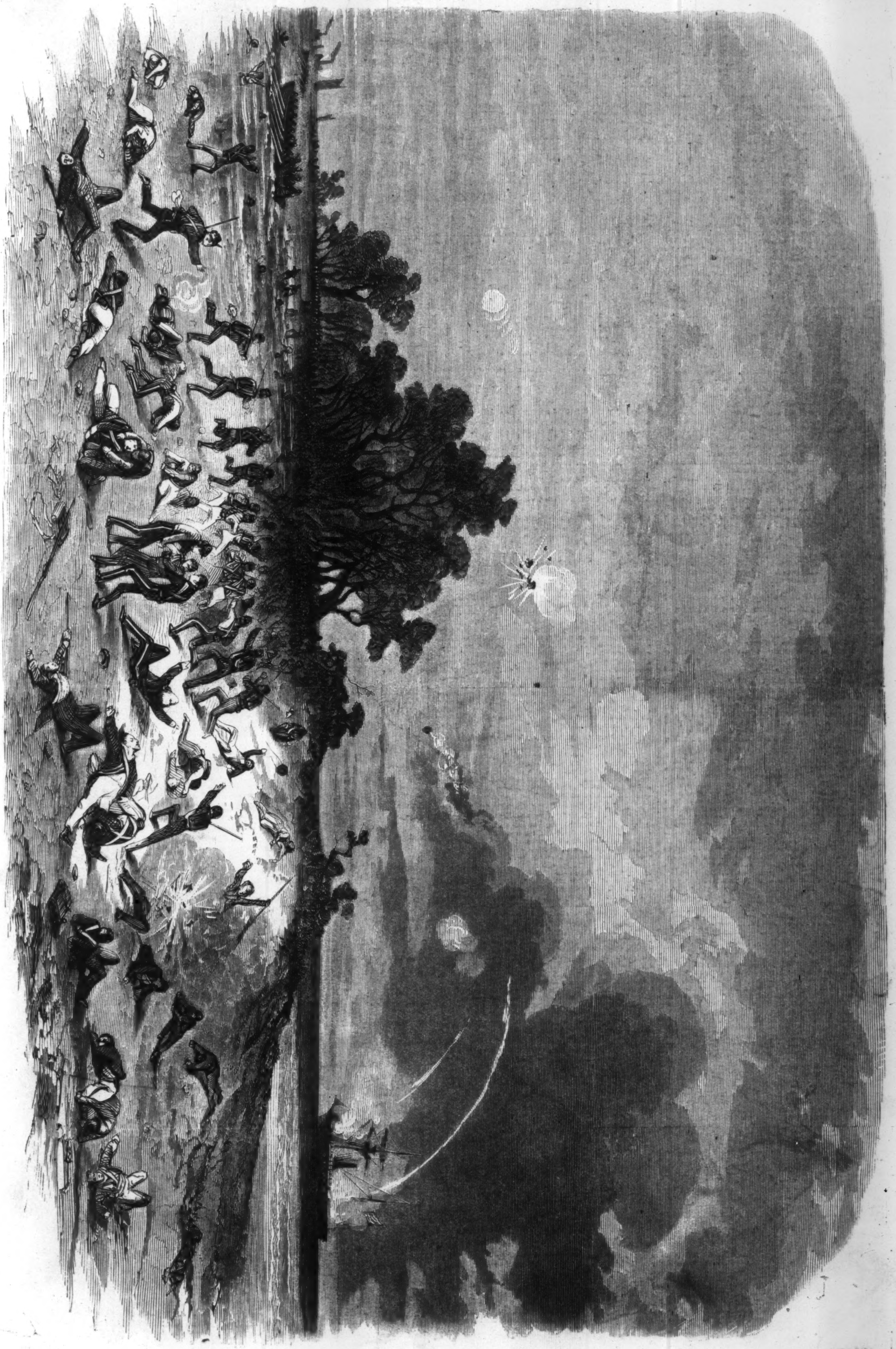
ARREST OF COLONEL RANKIN.

Colonel Rankin, member of the Provincial Parliament, has been arrested for enlisting recruits for the American army. The offense urged against him in the complainant's affidavit is, that he has agreed to accept a military commission to enter into the service of the United States, and that he has induced divers of the Queen's lieges to enlist in the same service. This offense is said to be in violation of the Canadian statute known as "The Foreign Enlistment Act."

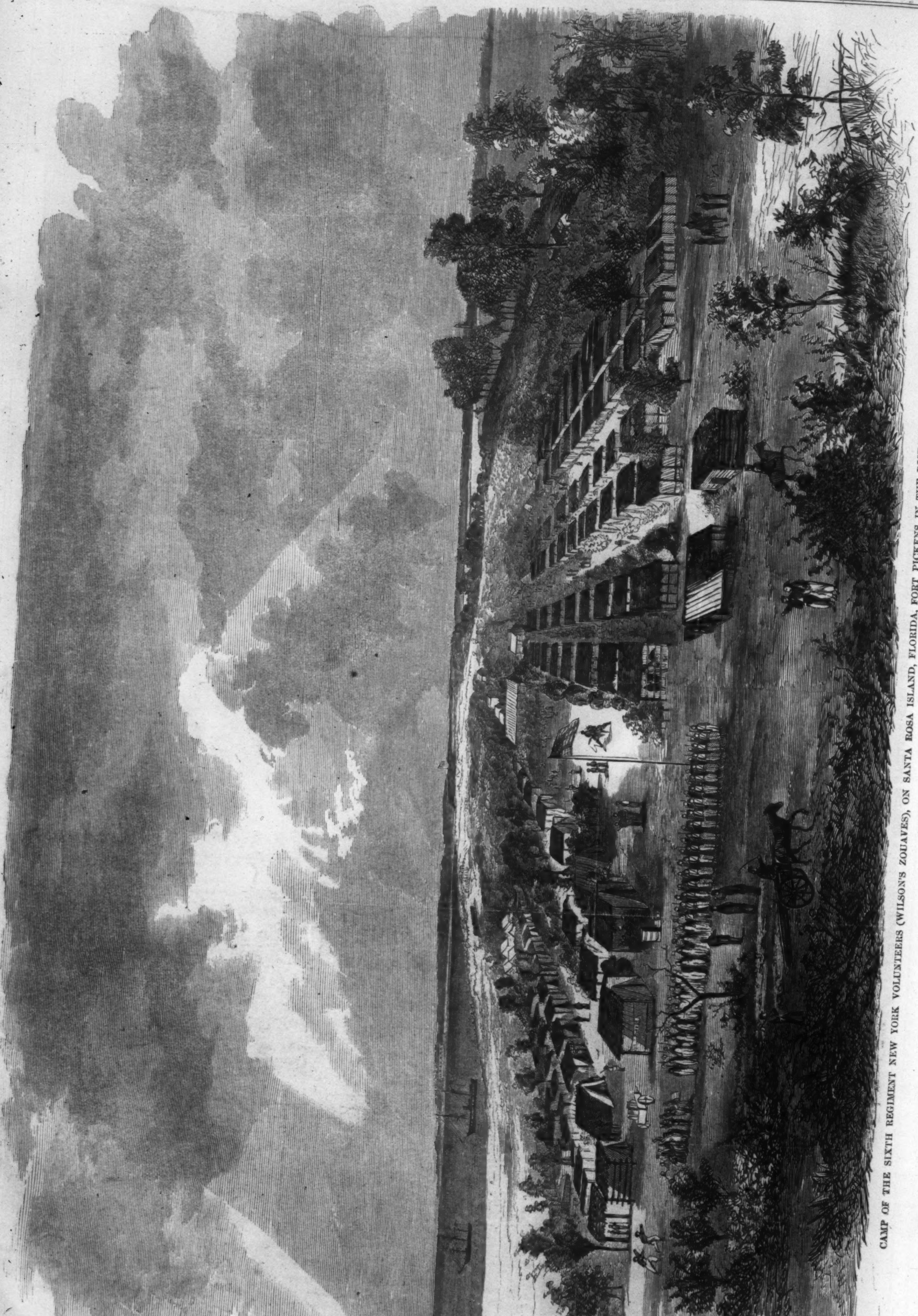
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



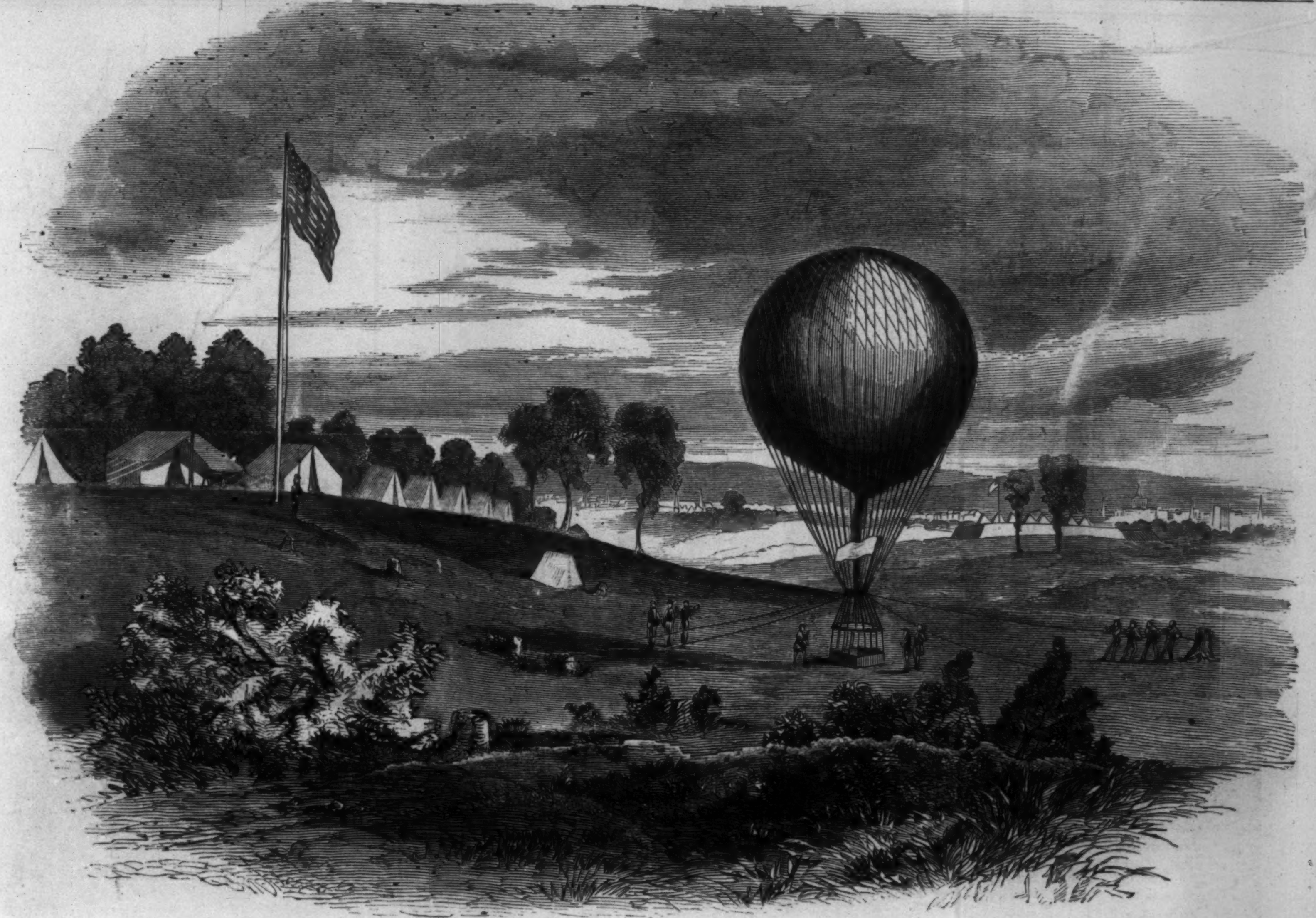
GRAND CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY REVIEW AT WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 8, 1861.—Sketched by an occasional Contributor.—[See Page 687.]



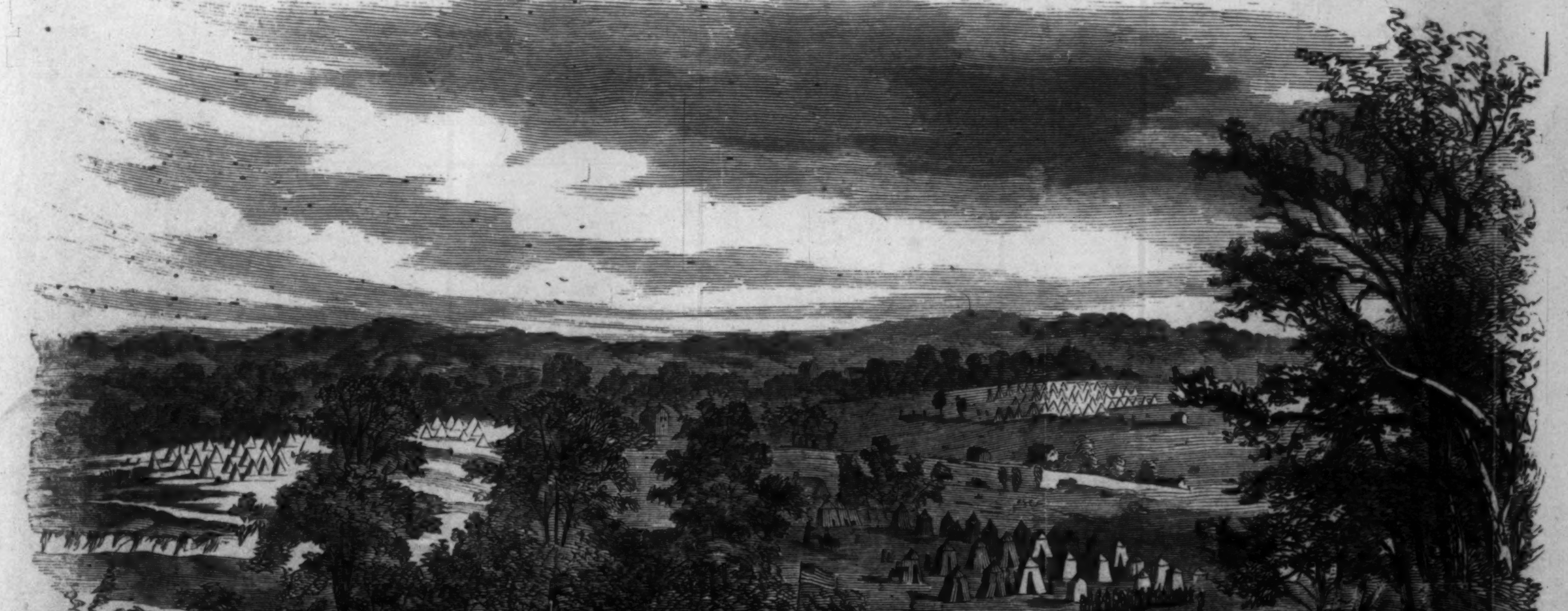
THE "MONTICELLO" SHELLING THE REBELS NEAR HATTERAS, OCTOBER 5, 1861.—[See Page 673.]



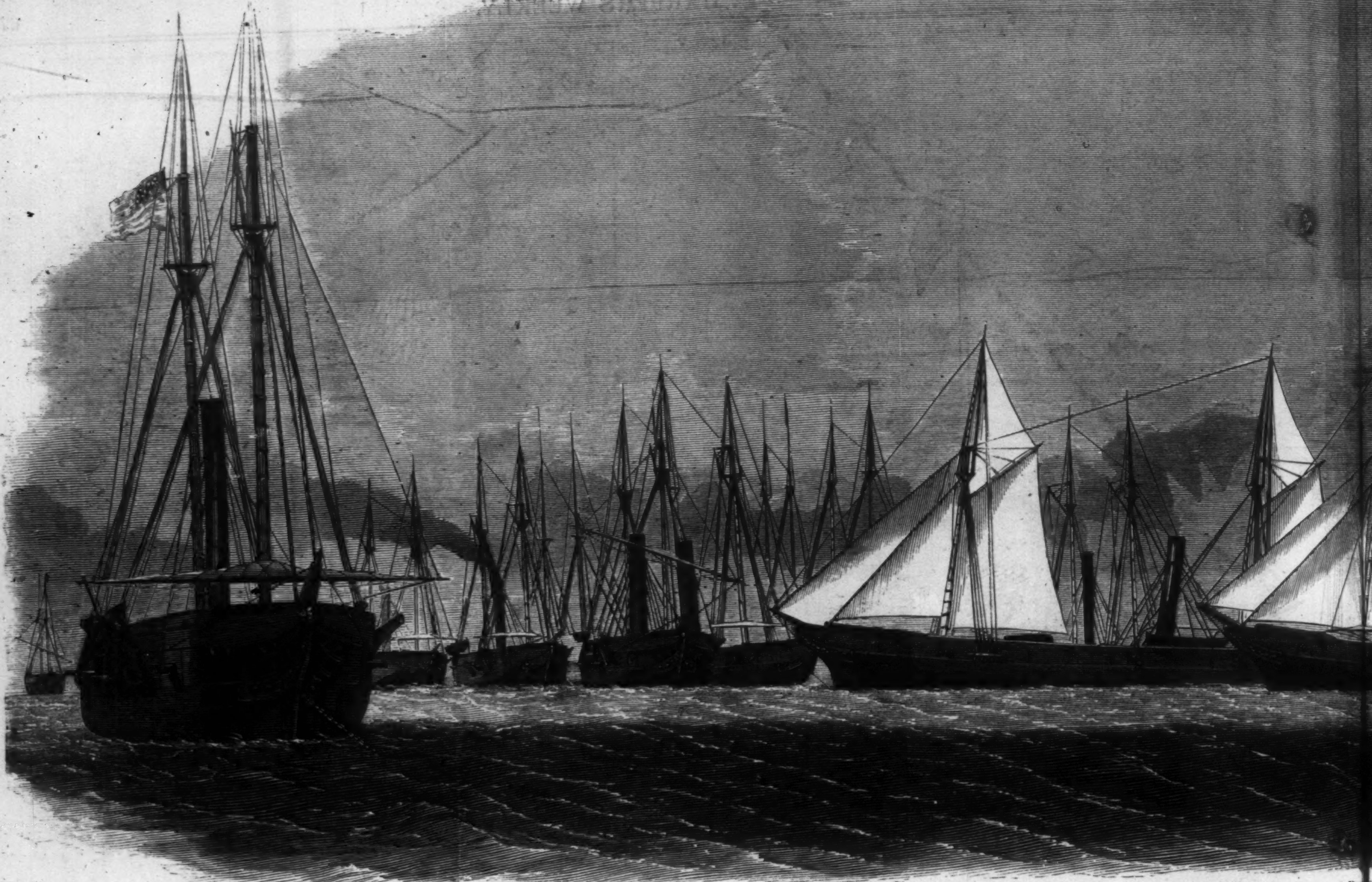
CAMP OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (WILSON'S ZOUAVES), ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLORIDA, FORT PICKENS IN THE DISTANCE.—Sketched by Charles F. Allgouer.—[See Page 687.]



THE WAR BALLOON AT GENERAL M'DOWELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS PREPARING FOR A RECONNOISSANCE.—Sketched by Ed. Pietsch.—[See Page 687.]



GENERAL FREMONT'S CAMP NEAR JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—Sketched by Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 687.]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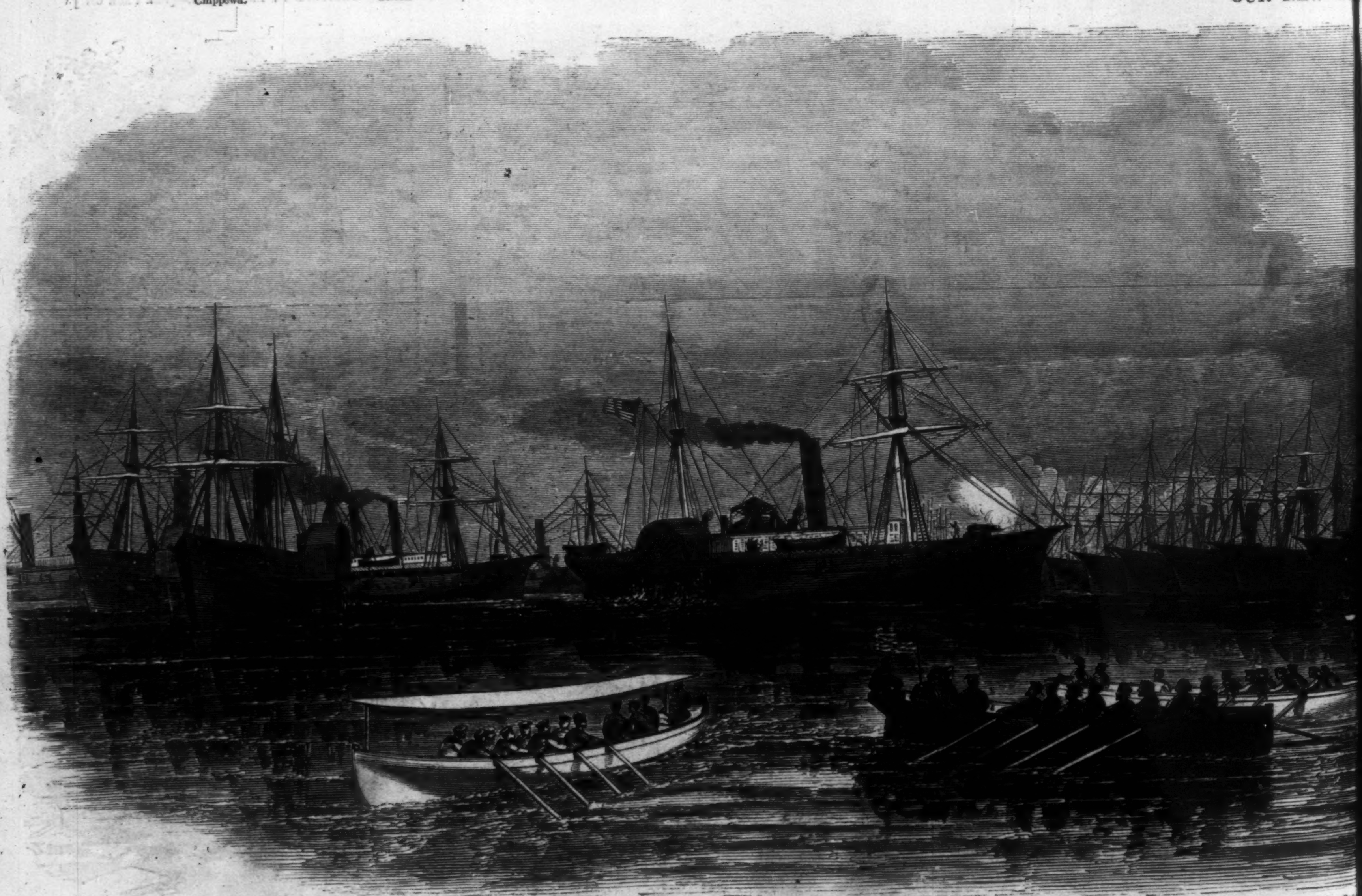
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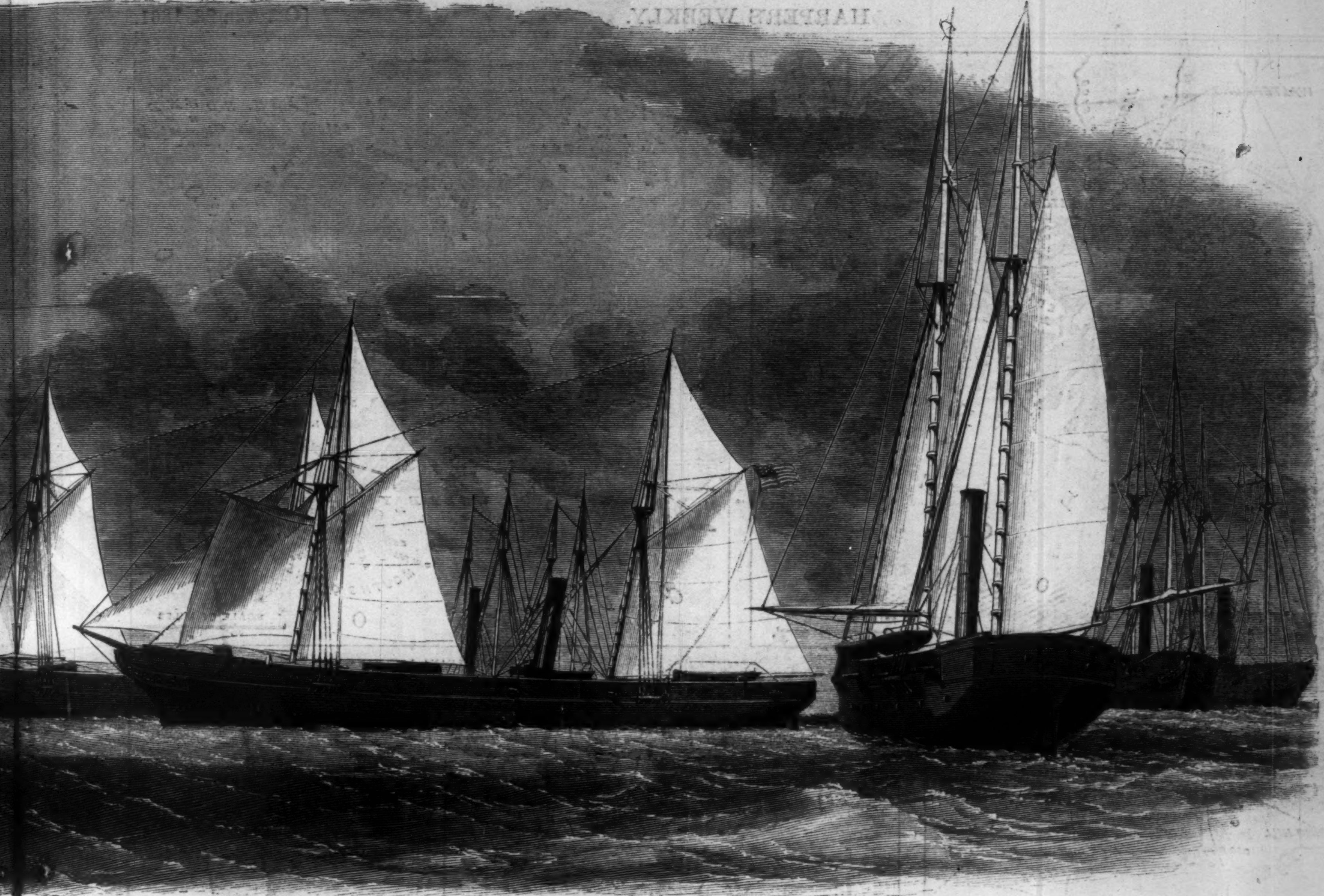
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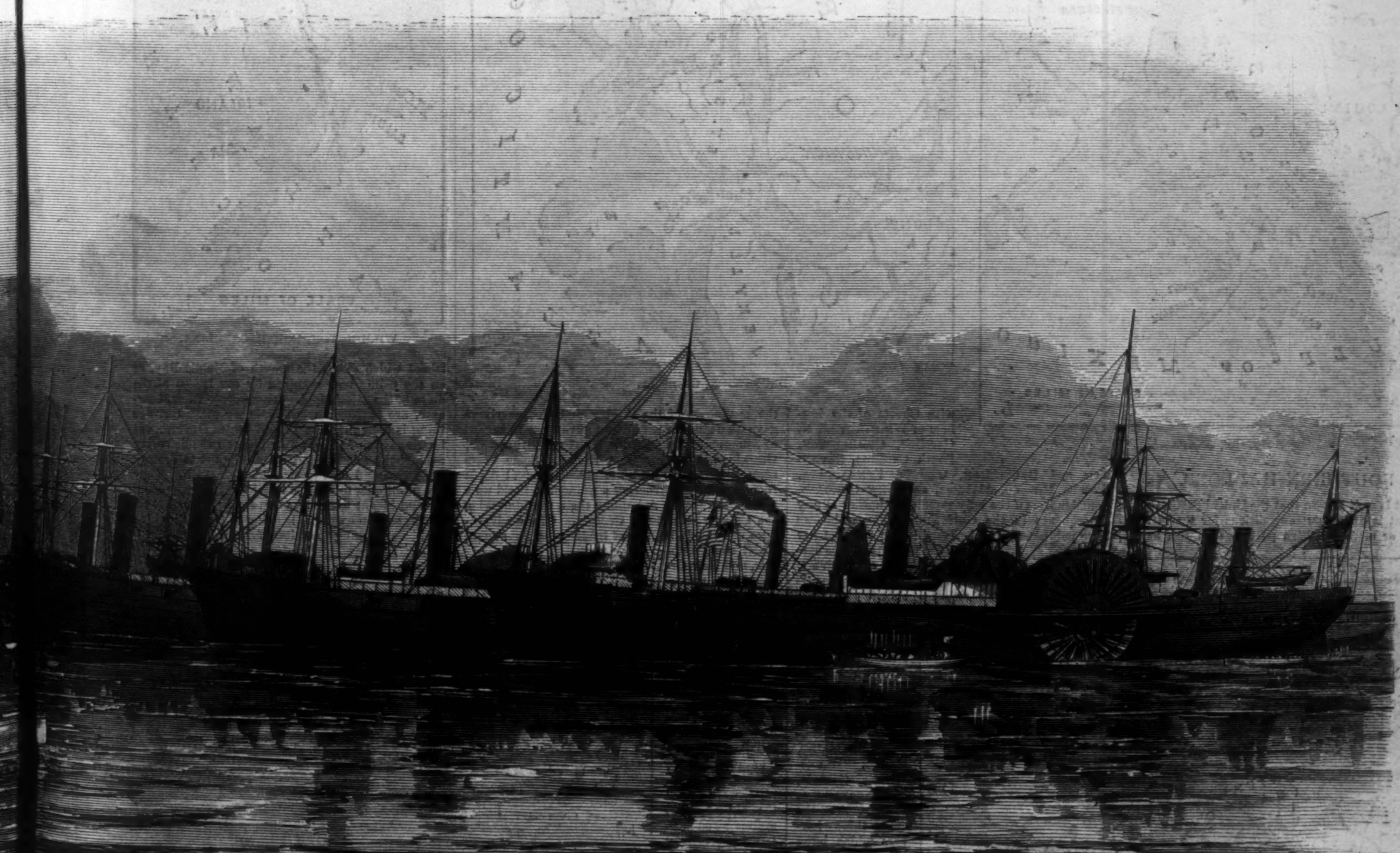
GUN-BOATS.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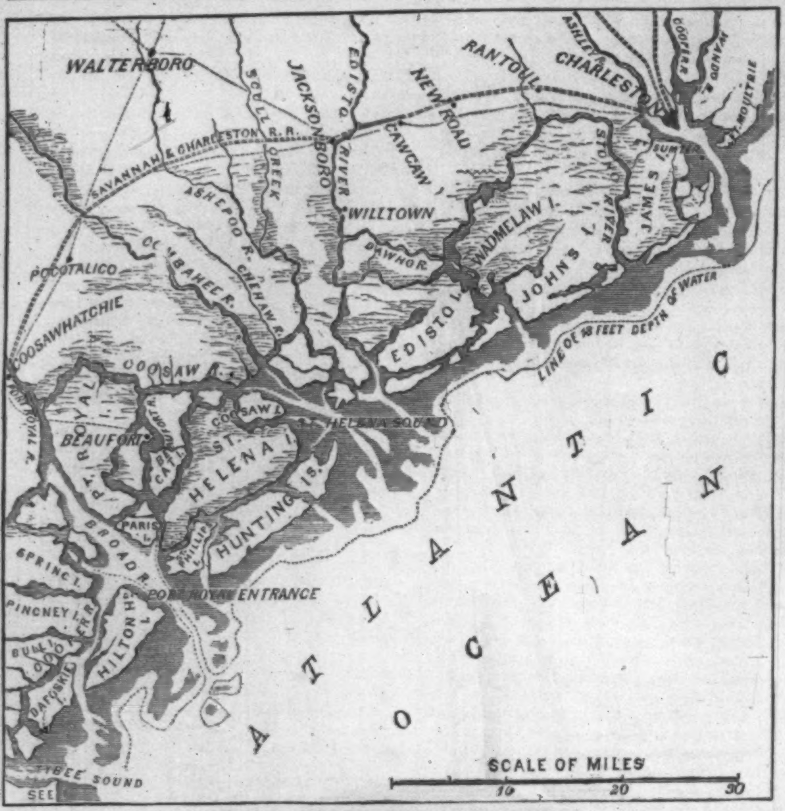
WALTERBORO
CHARLESTON
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NEW ROAD
JACKSONBORO
EDISTO RIVER
CAWCAW
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COMBAHEE R.
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JOHN'S I.
JAMES I.
EDISTO I.
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HELENA SOUND
BEAUFORT
PARIS
HUNTING IS.
BROAD R.
PORT ROYAL ENTRANCE
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SCALE OF MILES
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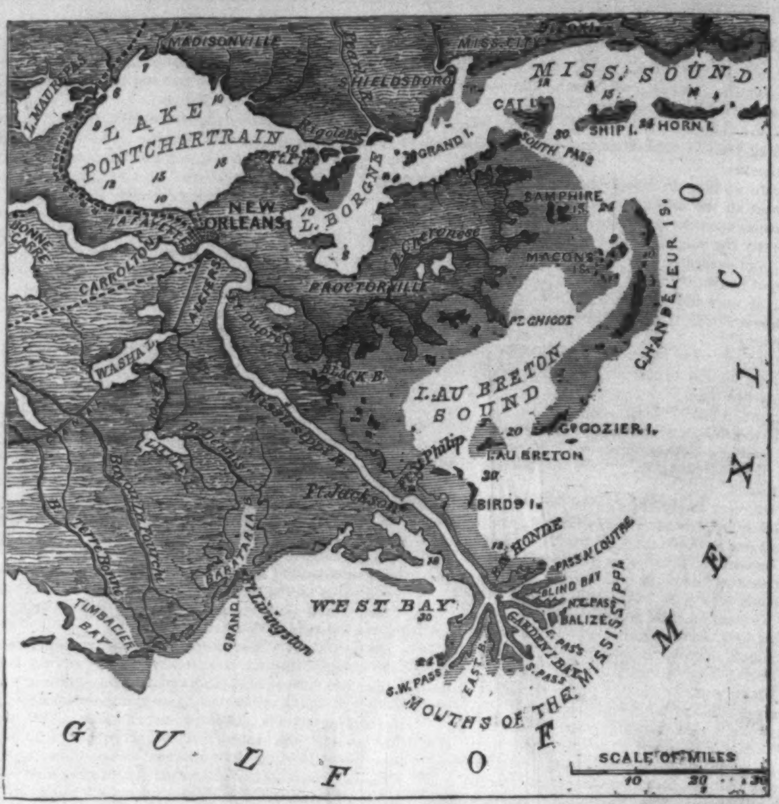
CHARLESTON AND BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.


MADISONVILLE
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SHIP I.
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SOUTH PASS
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PROCTORVILLE
PT. CHICOT
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GOZIER I.
LAU BRETON
Ft. Philip
Ft. Jackson
BIRD I.
WEST BAY
MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI
S.W. PASS
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SCALE OF MILES
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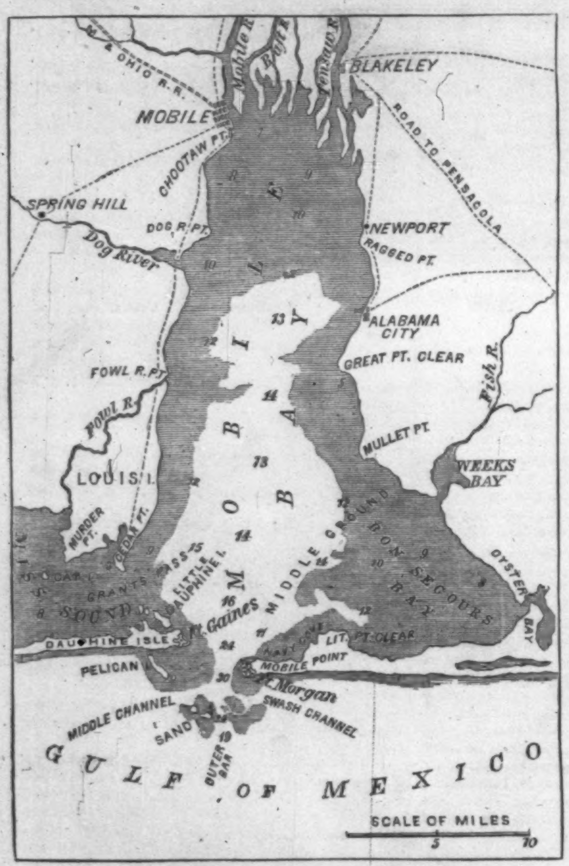
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.


MOBILE
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ROAD TO PENSACOLA
CHOOTAW PT.
SPRING HILL
DOG R. PT.
Dog River
NEWPORT
RAGGED PT.
ALABAMA CITY
GREAT PT. CLEAR
FOWL R. PT.
Fowl R.
Fish R.
MULLET PT.
WEEKS BAY
LOUIS I.
MOBILE BAY
MIDDLE GROUND
BON SECOURS BAY
OYSTER BAY
GRANTS PASS
LITTLE DAUPHINE I.
DAUPHINE ISLE
Ft. Gaines
MOBILE POINT
LIT. PT. CLEAR
PELICAN
Ft. Morgan
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GULF OF MEXICO
SCALE OF MILES
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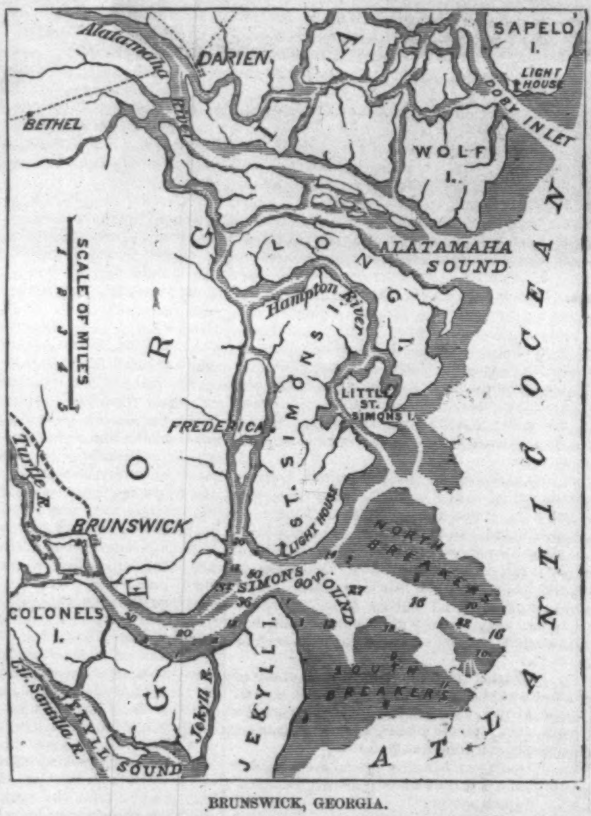
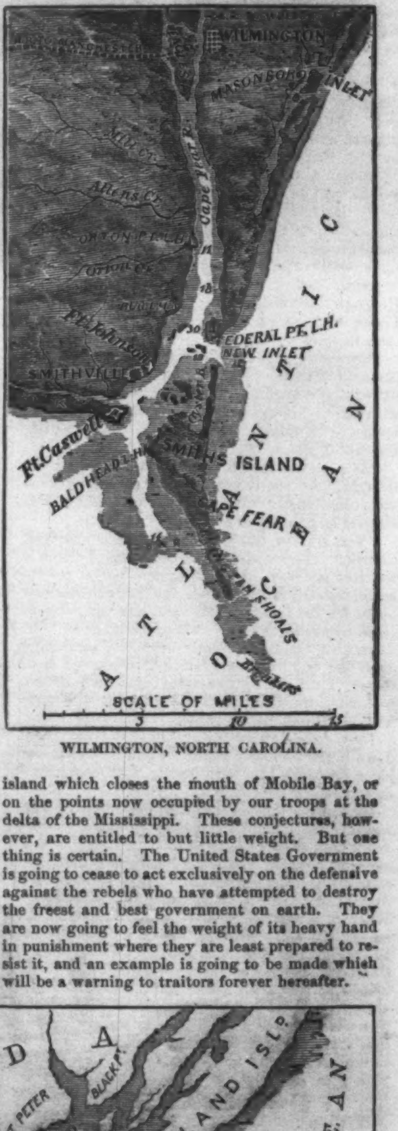
MOBILE, ALABAMA.


Alatamaha River
DARIEN
SAPELO I.
LIGHT HOUSE
DOBY INLET
BETHEL
WOLF I.
ALATAMAHA SOUND
Hampton River
LITTLE ST. SIMONS I.
FREDERICA
ST. SIMONS I.
LIGHT HOUSE
NORTH BREAKERS
BRUNSWICK
ST. SIMONS SOUND
COLONELS I.
JEKYLL I.
SOUTH BREAKERS
JEKYLL SOUND
GEORGIA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCALE OF MILES
1 2 3 4 5

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA.

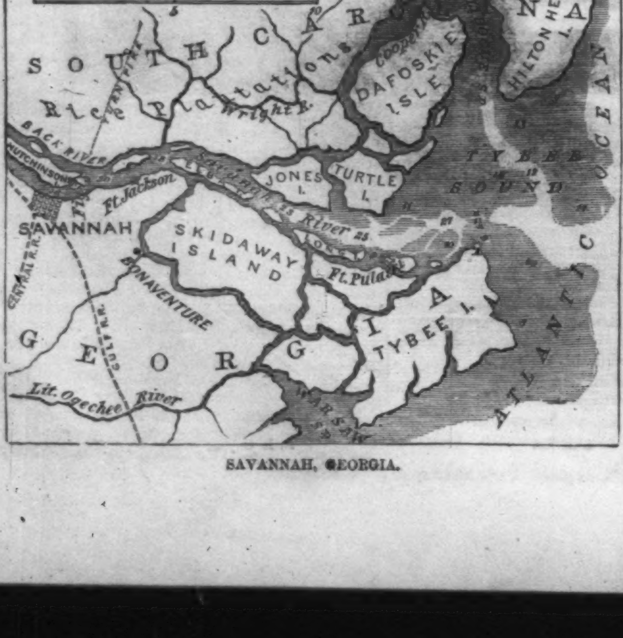

WILMINGTON
MASONBORO INLET
Ft. Johnson
SMITHVILLE
FEDERAL PT. L.H.
NEW INLET
Ft. Caswell
BALD HEAD
SMITHS ISLAND
CAPE FEAR
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCALE OF MILES
5
10
15

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

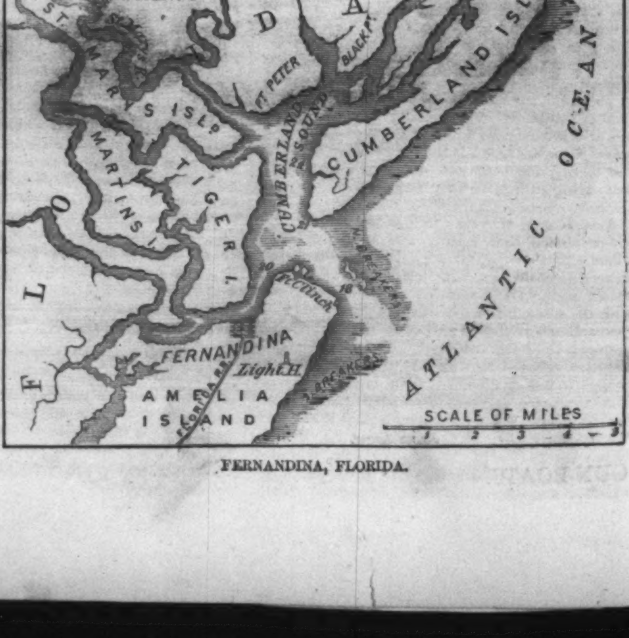
SOUTHERN HARBORS.

As it is well known that the United States Government is fitting out expeditions for the attack of one or more Southern ports, we publish herewith Charts of the harbors of **WILMINGTON**, N. Carolina, **CHARLESTON**, South Carolina, **SAVANNAH** and **BRUNSWICK**, Georgia, **FERNANDINA**, Florida, **MOBILE**, Alabama, and **NEW ORLEANS**, Louisiana. Of the only remaining harbor of any consequence in the Gulf States—Pensacola—we have published several charts during the past few months. The harbor of Beaufort, South Carolina, is shown on the chart of the harbor of Charleston.

Speculation is rife as to which of these harbors will be first attacked; but nothing positive is known on the subject. **BEAUFORT**, S. C., **BRUNSWICK**, Georgia, and **PENSACOLA**, Florida, are the only three harbors which large ships can enter. Beaufort was for a long time the rival of Charleston, and was only superseded by its more northern rival because before railroads existed the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers gave Charleston a paramount advantage in regard to communication with the interior. Brunswick, Georgia, has an excellent harbor. Some years since it was proposed to establish a naval dépôt there, and by constructing a railroad to build up a new cotton port. A landing there would develop the Union sentiment of Georgia. Of the advantages and the difficulties of landings at Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans, it is unnecessary to say any thing. There is not water at any of these ports to float a ship like the *Vanderbilt* or the *Great Republic*. In fine weather, perhaps, these vessels might discharge their cargo of men, horses, cannon, and munitions of war, by the aid of small steamers and lighters, but in stormy weather, such as usually prevails at this season, the operation would be one of great hazard. It has been suggested that an expedition might be landed on the island which closes the mouth of Mobile Bay, or on the points now occupied by our troops at the delta of the Mississippi. These conjectures, however, are entitled to but little weight. But one thing is certain. The United States Government is going to cease to act exclusively on the defensive against the rebels who have attempted to destroy the freest and best government on earth. They are now going to feel the weight of its heavy hand in punishment where they are least prepared to resist it, and an example is going to be made which will be a warning to traitors forever hereafter.


SCALE OF MILES
5
10
SOUTH CAROLINA
Rice Plantations
Wright R.
Cooper R.
DAFOSKIE ISLE
HILTON HEAD I.
BACK RIVER
HUTCHINSON I.
Ft. Jackson
JONES I.
TURTLE I.
TYBEE SOUND
Savannah River
SAVANNAH
SKIDAWAY ISLAND
Ft. Pulaski
BONAVENTURE
TYBEE I.
GEORGIA
Lit. Ogechee River
WARSAW
ATLANTIC OCEAN

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.


ST. MARYS
ST. MARYS R.
FLORIDA
PT. PETER
BLACK PT.
ST. MARYS ISLD.
CUMBERLAND ISLD.
CUMBERLAND SOUND
MARTINS
TIGER I.
Ft. Clinch
FERNANDINA
Light H.
AMELIA ISLAND
ATLANTIC OCEAN
SCALE OF MILES
1 2 3 4 5

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

LOU AND THE LIEUTENANT.

"Lou! Louise! Louisiana!" down the wall, and over the ramparts, and round the mounted cannon the voices went calling.

"Lou! Louise! Louisiana!" amidst twenty laughing trebles, and tramping feet, and busy bugle-notes.

Again and again he called, hunting this way and that all the time; but to neither of the three variations upon the name came there any response. Presently the laughing face grew grave, then anxious; and earnestly now he only called, in quick tones, "Louise!"

"It is very odd—very odd! She was here but a moment since. Can she have lost herself in the galleries?"

An officer came down the parade toward them, touching his hat to the ladies of the group as he approached them.

"A child lost?" he queried.

The gentleman of the party—him who had called "Louise"—stepped forward. "My sister, Sir," was all his explanation. "She was with us a moment since."

"Oh, very likely she strayed off into one of the galleries, and has become bewildered with the various turns in the darkness. Don't give yourselves any uneasiness, I will soon find her for you;" and he passed on under the arch-way, meeting a brother officer, who says, "Any thing wrong?"

"No; only a child strayed off."

Just here, as the brother was about to follow in the search, one of the ladies took it into her head to faint, and so *his* hands were full, and Lieutenant Glenn went on alone. It was drill day at the Fort—no matter what fort; only bear in mind that it was just a year from this year—in 1860.

While Louise Carrington's brother, then, was attending to Mademoiselle Lemare, and fretting inwardly at the detention, Lieutenant Glenn was pursuing his search in those dark passages known as covered ways. As he went on, he called at intervals, "Louise! Louise!" as he had heard young Carrington call before; and he seemed to meet with little better success—no Louise responded to his call.

"I wish people would take better care of their children when they bring them here," he muttered, still going on, and still at intervals calling, "Louise!" At length even he began to get a trifle anxious, and to say, "It is very odd—very odd!" and he wondered she didn't scream and cry: "Children usually did under such circumstances." Still he went on, more carefully now, calling, "Louise!" He had nearly given it up, when a faint sob—or, was it the wind through the loop-holes?—smote his ear. He stopped, and sent his voice out again, softly, clearly, "Louise!" Then from afar responded, in fluttering tones, "Charlie! Charlie!" He groped in toward the voice, answering, "Here I am; don't move from where you are; I will come to you!"

Very soon just the faintest gleam of a figure was perceptible in the gloom. In another moment a little thing was clinging to him, a soft face all wet with tears lying against his hand, and a soft voice, broken with faint gasps, crying, "Oh, Charlie, Charlie! I was so frightened!"

"It's no use to tell her it isn't Charlie," he thought, "for she is nervous enough now;" so he said, consolingly, "Well, never mind, dear; it is all over now, and you are safe."

"Yes, I know, but oh—oh—it was so dreadful, Charlie! I—I couldn't scream when I found I had lost my way, and I thought—" But the reaction was too much. What she thought he never knew, for the tears fell like rain, and the sobs became hysterical gasps. "Poor little child!" he murmured, bending tenderly over her, smoothing away the tears and curl tangles, with a "There! there!" until she became more composed. Then, with his arm about her, all quivering and faint with her fright, he led her on.

They came toward an opening, and he looked down in the revealing light. The vision that met his eyes struck him with amaze, with embarrassment, and consternation.

He had got himself into a pretty scrape. This was no child at all, but a woman, young to be sure, and a very elfin sprite in shape and size. In that moment horrible visions of feminine wrath and misrepresentations of his conduct flashed upon him. And at the climax he uttered an exclamation. Whereat the sprite looked up, and meeting the amaze, the embarrassment, the consternation, all looking out of the strange face, which wasn't Charlie's, she started back, herself uttered an exclamation, and then asked half a dozen questions at once, no one of which could he answer relevantly. She was far too frank and innocent to misrepresent him as he had thought, and altogether too absorbed in her present risk and relief to feel embarrassed yet. She gathered enough of the circumstances, too, to comprehend that he came for Charlie; but where *was* Charlie? And failing to answer clearly, she shook him impatiently, in a little excitement of petulance. Shook him with her two little wee white hands reaching up to the great strong arm. Over her face fell the curl tangles, and she was tossing her head and stamping a little foot, half crying still, just like a baby girl.

"Say, where is Charlie?"

At this turn of affairs he got his courage and self-possession back again; and so satisfied her where Charlie was, and very succinctly rendered an account of his own share in the matter. A long-drawn sigh "Oh!" was her only response, and with the wee white hand still clinging to his coat sleeve, much as a child will cling to the skirt of a garment, she hurried him on. Her entire preoccupation relieved him greatly; he was not vain enough to feel disappointed by it.

As they came out into clearer light he regarded her more scrutinizingly, and with perfect ease, for she never so much as gave him a look. A little blonde beauty clearly. Brown-gold hair, blue, *blue* eyes, and of rose fairness. Her little odd ways charmed him—her little close, frightened clutch upon his sleeve, so unfearing and simple, charmed him still more.

And thus led by this tiny Omphale, our military Hercules came out upon the waiting group upon the parade—"Charlie" and the rest.

Mademoiselle Lemare had just seen fit to recover, so "Charlie" was at liberty to come forward and meet "my sister," to ask a dozen questions, and to thank Lieutenant Glenn for his "trouble"(?), during which time he was brushing cobwebs, and dust, and mould, from Louise's furbelows, adjusting her plumed hat, and even wiping the tear-stained face with his handkerchief, half laughing as he did it. Louise herself giving the Lieutenant a little nod and a tired absent "Thank you," with her brother's.

Going out, the Lieutenant accompanied the brother, while the sister, just ahead, chattered in French to Mademoiselle Lemare of "that horrid place."

She shuddered with a shrug of her shoulders as they passed the officers' quarters, and ejaculated vehemently, "Oh, Marie, I wouldn't live here for any thing! How can girls marry these officers! Bah!"—and another little shrug—"I never could see so much romance in a pair of epaulets!"

Lieutenant Glenn heard every word she said, and half laughed, half sighed. It was a dreary place, he knew. At the gate-way they parted, the gentlemen exchanging cards and shaking hands. But Louise was in such a hurry to be away from "that horrid place" that she was half-way down the road at this parting.

In returning to his quarters a subordinate met him, touching his cap respectfully, and extending a bunch of blue ribbons and a tiny glove smelling of violets. He took them, glanced over the wall: the carriage was far down the slope in a cloud of dust—too late to restore her property: he would take them in charge and give them to her brother. He took them "in charge" by stowing them away in his breast pocket—an inner pocket—and by forgetting (?) all about restoring them when her brother dined with him three days after. Three days after that he called upon the brother at their hotel.

Sitting in their parlor waiting, he heard—and it sounded very funny now—the same voice calling, "Lou, Louise, Louisiana!" But this time there came a response, a tender treble filled with merry wrath—

"I shall never come while you call me such names, Charlie!"

Presently, without the rustle of a warning, there appears a dainty lady in waving ribbons—blue ribbons—and breathing violet odors. She drops a little "courtesy" to Lieutenant Glenn, standing half-way down the room as she is, and then comes forward and settles her myriad skirts of white muslin into a low large chair just opposite him.

No more the sweet petulance of the child, the queer but delightfully simple preoccupation, but a young woman's easy grace of manner; not fervid and florid with airs of fascination, but natural and refined, tempered with a certain fresh coolness, which did not amount to coldness, but which none the less drew little invisible lines between herself and any other. He wondered if she would ever remember that interview under the ground, and in consequence get conscious and mortified. She gave no sign.

He had come to invite them to a dress drill, or something of the sort: it was to take place the next day; would they do him the honor? Young Carrington looked at his sister; but that young person shrugged her shoulders expressively, and declined. Lieutenant Glenn would excuse her, she knew, and not think her ungracious. She was very silly, no doubt, but the fort was a terror to her now. She might get over it in time, but somehow she had a very nervous notion in regard to it.

"Charlie" tried laughing her out of it; told her that was all nonsense, she would get all over it if she went again. In the midst of which Lieutenant Glenn stopped him by saying, with uncommon sympathetic kindness for a man,

"Don't vex her by urging her to go, Mr. Carrington. I don't believe in people doing violence, one way or another."

He was certainly repaid, though he little expected it, by the bright look—it was scarcely a smile—which lighted her face. How was he enchanted when, just as he was going, she came out of a little dream by coming close up to him, clasping both those wee, wee hands he remembered so vividly, and exclaiming, in a pretty exultation:

"I know what we will do. They shall all go, Charlie and our cousins; and after, you will return with them here, and I will make tea for you in *tête-à-tête* fashion. Will that suit, Charlie?"

The young fellow nodded, declaring his pleasure; and at that she looked up into the guest's face, asking, "Will it suit *you*?"

He too declared his pleasure, inly wondering—"Was it for Charlie, this bright plan, or to ease her rejection of *his* plan?"

There was no telling. A little elfin sprite, full of strange surprises, baffling, yet innocent.

The next night he came to tea—such tea as he had never drank, served out of tiny cups, thin as paper and glittering with fairy frost-work. But neither the infusion of delicate amber nor the fairy cups sent him home intoxicated: it was a subtler charm infused through the wee, wee hands whose finger-tips dropped lumps of sugar into his cup—a charm that had held him close and fast from the day they first fastened upon his arm in that "beloved darkness!"

All the next day, and the next, and the next he went round whistling

"A bunch of blue ribbons to tie up her bonnie brown hair."

And deep down in a deep drawer there they lay—the bunch of blue ribbons that *had* tied her bonnie brown hair in that "beloved darkness"—the bunch of blue ribbons he was perpetually forgetting to return.(?) And by the ribbons a little glove, violet colored and odored.

Not a week after this they bade each other "good-by." He regretfully, and with the regret shining clear out of clear hazel eyes; she simply, politely, that was all—all at least apparent.

Holding her hand a moment longer than he needed to have done, he said, "I hope your adventure, or misadventure, at the fort that day will not make the whole place so distasteful to you that you will never come again."

"Oh no;" she should in all probability come again next year. It was Charlie's favorite resort, and she always went where Charlie went.

"Next year!" We all know what happened then—this year of our Lord 1861.

What is happening now every day—"war, war, and the rumors of war." It happened, too, that Louise Carrington and her brother were at the same place, just as they had been the August before. And here Lieutenant Glenn paid his respects to them.

This year that had produced such changes in the country had produced little change with them. The blonde beauty was a beauty still, after a whirl of winter dissipation in the shape of parties and opera goings. Charlie too, who had been "serving" since that April 1st, still went on laughing and jesting with life; and Lieutenant Glenn, grave and in earnest always, was as much in earnest now over that "bunch of blue ribbons." Charlie, who had been "serving" as volunteer faithfully and well, was now promoted to the regular service, and was at present Second Lieutenant under Glenn's First. This brought the three much more together than before, though even yet Louise could not abide "that horrid place." During all this time, or *after* all this time, Glenn was no nearer his object than a year since. He was not a man to woo but to wait, and Louise Carrington was not a girl to be won without wooing. Affairs, then, in this direction looked rather unpromising for our military hero, when one day—one of those fabulous "one days" which do sometimes act as pretty changes in the drama of life, as in the story-tellers—one day a train of circumstances wrought the wonder for which he waited.

Charlie stood at the foot of the stairs calling "Louisiana! Louisiana!"

Louise above in her chamber meditating vengeance on this calling of names, responded not.

"Louisiana! Louisiana!" he kept on. At last opening the door she came out upon the landing, "trailing clouds of splendor" in the skirt of a bright silk dressing-gown, and leaning over the railings exclaimed, now really wrathfully, and in earnest,

"Charlie, you ought to be ashamed of yourself calling me by that name now. If you don't stop"—and here she almost laughed, though just as much in earnest—"I will report you to your superior officer as having Southern sympathies!"

He shouted. Then without a word sent a letter whizzing up the stairs, and sauntered away whistling lustily, "I'm off to Charleston!" which so disgusted the violent little patriot up stairs, that she sent him back a fierce hiss.

She had got her letter, however, and back in her room regarded it with dilating eyes. There was no post-mark—some private conveyance—the handwriting she recognized instantly as that of a young acquaintance with whom she was in the habit of corresponding, but from whom she had not heard for several months, for the very cogent reason that the writer had during that time been in Virginia with her Southern relatives. Opening this unexpected missive she found it to contain the outpourings of girlish gossip—"that delightful ball," and "that charming Mr. S. and M."—the last new fashions, etc.—deploring the state of the country, principally, it seemed, for the falling off of these dear follies. But woven up with all this was an item of intelligence so startling, and of such vital importance to the country that the reader thrilled as she perused it. It was like a torch of flame in the light, unthinking letter, and the writer, in her careless gayety, little thought what it meant. Louise Carrington, deeper souled and better trained, realized its importance. And now what to do with it. She started up, but Charlie had gone! Then she must go after him! She felt there was no time to be lost. Binding up that "bonnie brown hair" with a bunch of blue ribbons, singularly enough, she dressed herself as speedily as possible, and set out on her quest, never thinking of the possibility of Charlie's not being at the fort. He not only was not there, but was on some sort of military mission which would detain him away from the place, as well as the fort, for several days.

"I must see Lieutenant Glenn, then," she said. Lieutenant Glenn also was not there, but expected back within the hour. She tore a scrap from an unwritten portion of the letter, penciled this brief message:

"Come to the —— House, if possible, before night. I wish to see you. L. Carrington."

And gave it in charge of the sentry in waiting, to be delivered immediately on Lieutenant Glenn's return.

Arrived at home she read "the letter," finding still more importance in it than at first.

One, two, three, four hours passed, and night was fast approaching, without bringing her desired visitor. Twilight passed, and the hours went by until nine o'clock came. She was by this time in a little fever of impatience; he would not come now, she was sure, for unfortunately she had specified *before* night; and besides, it was raining heavily. She little knew Arthur Glenn.

Standing by her parlor-window, trailing a little finger down the moist window pane, while she looked out upon the stormy night; perhaps, too, saying over a child's incantation:

"Rain, rain, stay away;
Or come again another day!"

for she looked not unmeet for such pretty play, a low, hasty knock fell upon her ear. She flew to the door.

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad! I was afraid you were not coming!" and she drew him into the room with just that close clasp upon his arm he had never forgotten. He had left his outer cloak in the hall, but his hair was dripping rain, and his coat damp to the touch.

"How did he ever get so wet?" she asked.

He could procure no carriage, and so—

"You walked in all this rain!" she exclaimed, horrified. "How good!" and the little hand went stroking down his arm. He thought he could have walked twice as far for such pretty payment as this touch and tone.

She roused him by coming to the subject of the letter. Turning down the mere personalities, which contained nothing of importance, she gave it into his hands. As he scanned it his brow scored into deep wrinkles. At length, looking up,

"Will you give me this?" he asked.

"If it will be of service, certainly."

Rising immediately with soldierly alertness, he simply said, "Good-night," and left her without another word.

Mademoiselle Lemare and a score of her fair friends would have been highly incensed at this insensible, ungallant behavior. How did Mademoiselle Louise take it? She gazed upon the door with wide eyes a moment after he had thus departed, then whirled round upon her little high heels, laughing out a soft amused laugh, and saying aloud, "I like that!"

In his haste he had left his gloves behind him. She picked them up all crushed and wet as they were and stroked them out, soliloquizing, "How soldierly that was, so direct and one-thoughted; he looked very finely to-night; I like black hair." Then wandering off to the piano she sung to a little drum-beat accompaniment,

"There's nothing like a soldier boy."

Then it is to be presumed she wandered away to bed, for it was high time after racing about half the day in search of these same soldier boys. And I have no doubt she dreamed of red sashes and gold epaulets all night.

Just after breakfast the next morning a message came up on a card. "Lieutenant Glenn." Would she see him a few moments?

He came in half deprecatingly, stood a second before her in silence, and then said,

"I believe I treated you very rudely last night, and I have come to offer my apologies, and to tell you—"

"No, don't; I don't want any apologies; I liked it a great deal better so."

He half smiled, looking a little mystified over this.

"I was not only rude," he went on, "but unkind, in thus leaving you, without a word of thanks for your great service; but I was so intent upon communicating upon the matter with General —— that I became heedless of every thing else."

"I understood it," she made answer, "and as I said, I like it better so. I get so tired of men that always think of gallantry first, and so I liked your way a great deal better," she finished, laughing a little, and blushing a good deal. He hesitated only a moment, then spoke out the thought of a year.

"I wish you would like me better than any other, as I do you, Louise."

She caught her breath at this sudden avowal, so straightforward and direct, covered her face with her hands a moment, and said, softly, in her little odd child-way,

"I want to think! I want to think!"

"Think then, my little darling; and God send it may be tenderly," he said, fervently.

A little space, and down came the hands—the wee, white hands.

"Arthur—" He lifted her up like thistle-down before she got any farther; she had never called him "Arthur" before. "Arthur, I believe I have liked you better than any body all along." She finished.

A while afterward, sitting there beside him, she asked, "Was the letter of so much service, then?"

"Invaluable, Louise;" and lifting her chin up in his broad palm, he went on: "Louise, to think such acute perceptions lurked in that little head! Twenty women would have passed that letter over without seeing the significance of those items of information, and you, my little loveling, found it out. With such keen wisdom, I have hardly need to say, do not mention this matter to any one else, not even to Charlie yet."

Ten days after this, General —— was at the fort. It was drill day, and Louise was among the visitors. She was standing apart from others, when Lieutenant Glenn came up with the commander. "This is Miss Carrington, General ——."

"The little girl who has the wisdom and discretion which many an officer might envy," was the General's gracious words, bowing over the wee white hand. And then, "I hear she is to belong to the army too. I have already congratulated her lieutenant, let me congratulate her, for he is a good fellow, this lieutenant." They both laughed, the "good fellow" taking off his hat for the compliment, and the little heroine giving the General a shy smile as she dropped her head in acknowledgment.

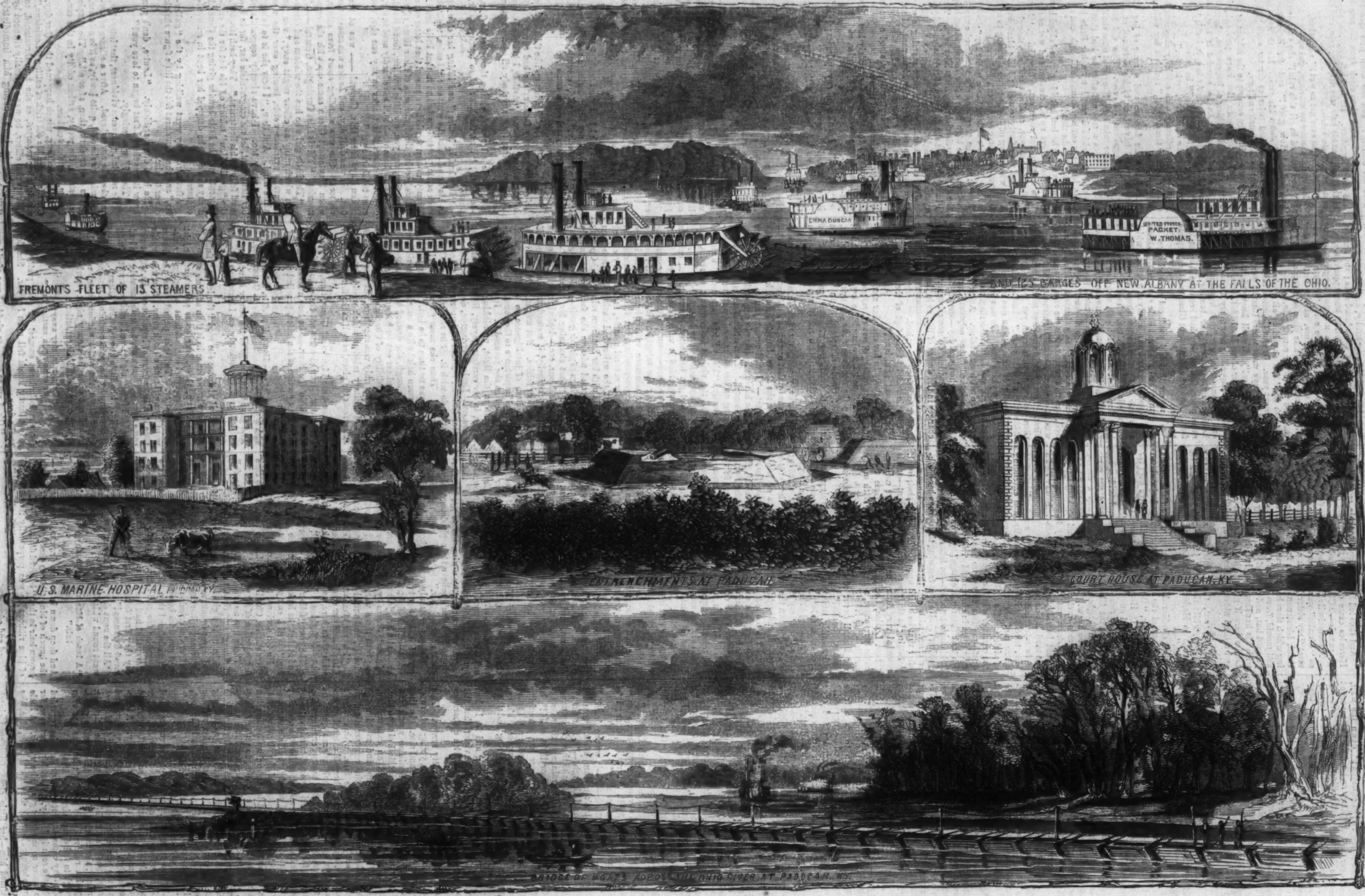
Afterward they went walking by the "galleries," and the Lieutenant felt the little figure shrink closer to him.

He bent down suddenly. "Louise, don't you know it was there I first began to love you?"

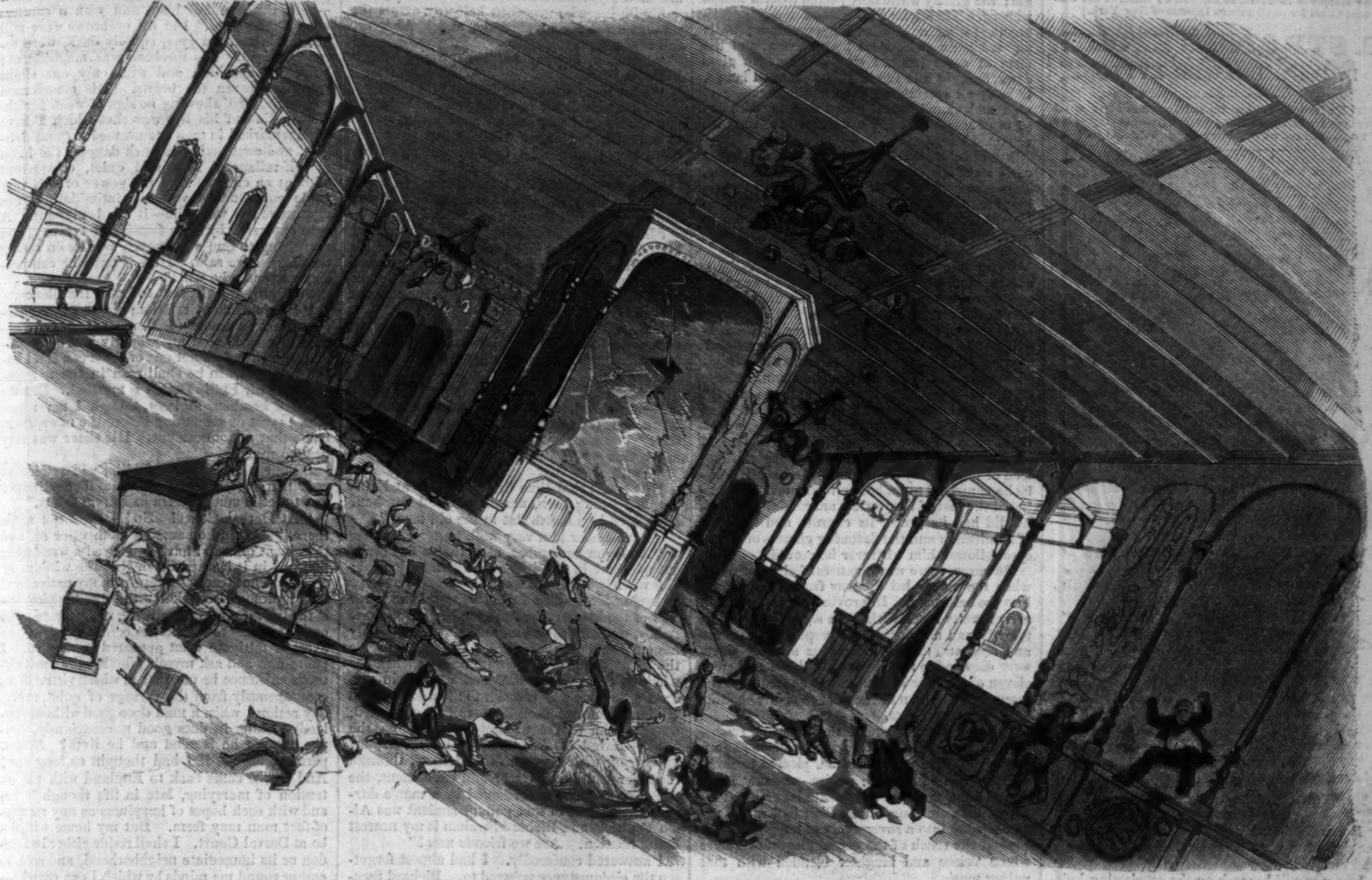
"There?" wonderingly.

He recalled, with some vividness, that interview, and *then* she remembered. After a silence of several minutes she said, quite lowly, as if in a dream, "It is a dear dark, then, after all." The simple earnestness, the pretty, artless oddity in this confession, it enchanted him.

At her wedding, which happened the other day, Charlie began his old trick of calling "Louisiana," which being reported, as she had threatened, to his superior officer, he was effectually silenced by his brother-in-law's dubbing him immediately "Charleston."


FREMONT'S FLEET OF 13 STEAMERS AND 125 BARGES OFF NEW ALBANY AT THE FALLS OF THE OHIO.
EMMA DUNCAN
UNITED STATES PACKET. W. THOMAS.
U.S. MARINE HOSPITAL PADUCAH KY.
ENTRENCHMENTS AT PADUCAH.
COURT HOUSE AT PADUCAH, KY.
BRIDGE OF BOATS ACROSS THE OHIO RIVER AT PADUCAH, KY.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY—IN AND ABOUT PADUCAH.—SKETCHED BY J. C. BEARD AND BILL TRAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 685.]



GRAND SALOON OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" DURING THE GALE.—Sketched by C. F. Hayward.—[See Page 674.]

OUR PADUCAH SKETCHES.

We devote the previous page to illustrations of Paducah, Ky., by Messrs. Beard and Travis. Mr. Beard writes, in explanation of his sketches:

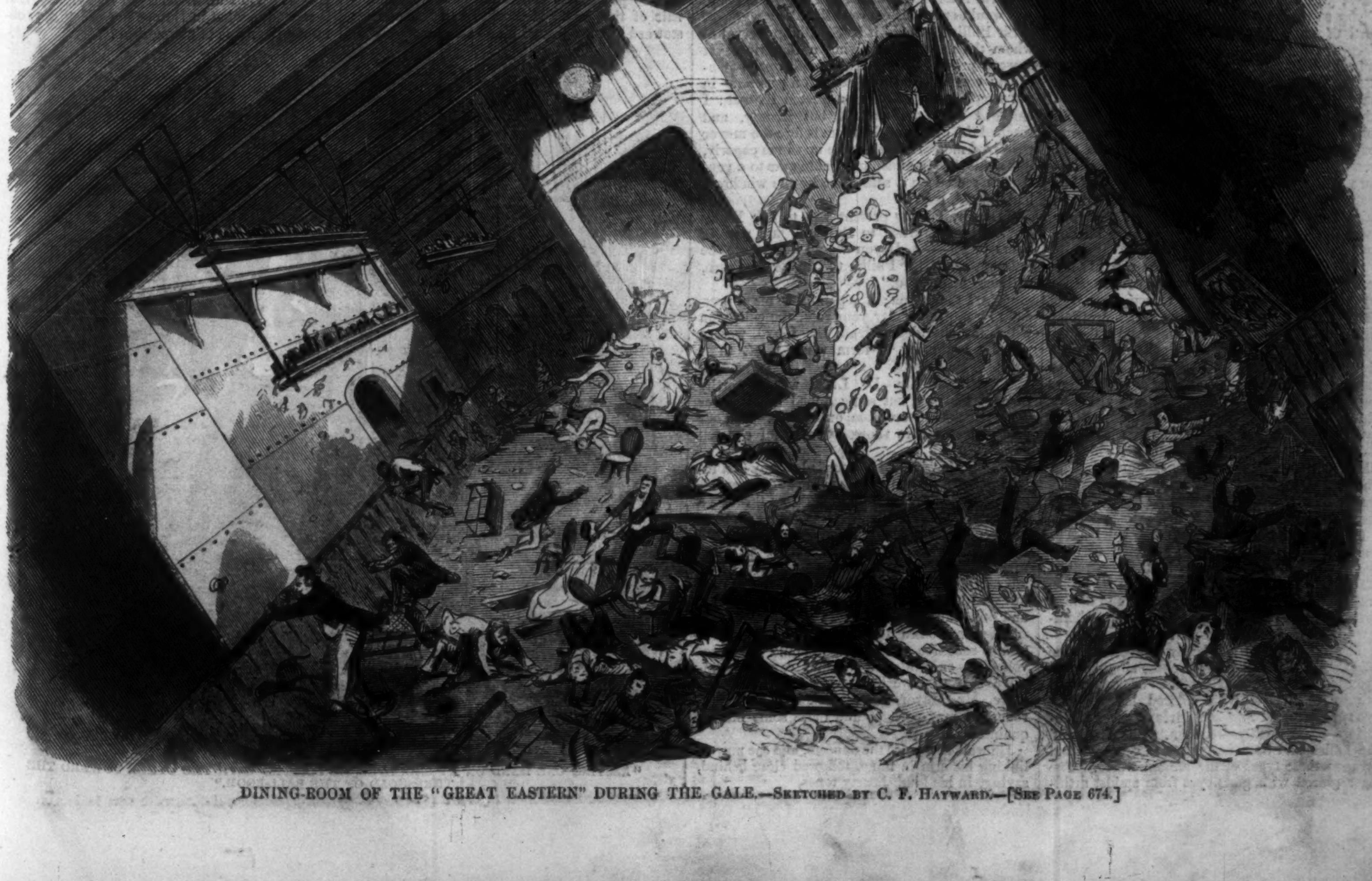
The sketches I send are drawn on the spot from nature. The bridge at Paducah surpasses any thing of the kind ever before attempted in the United States. The river at the bridge is 3600 feet across. It is spanned by a hundred coal barges, strongly braced together, twelve feet apart, connected by trestle-work, and planked over; the planking is twenty feet wide. The bridge is constructed to carry the heaviest ordnance, at a point half a mile below the town. I also send you a sketch of Paducah, and the earthworks thrown up by our army on its occupation. It is a beautiful little city, full of respectable and often elegant residences. It now wears, however, a deserted and melancholy appearance. Whole streets of tenantless buildings stretch from the landing to the intrenchments; and the few inhabitants who remain, although entirely unmolested and secure, look guilty and sullen. Some of our boys left the steamer Sunday, and, wandering about the town, took possession of the deserted choir of a secesh church, and one of our number being a good organist, and most of us having assisted before on such occasions, we did our best to convince those within hearing that, although belonging to the "Northern rabble," we were not altogether heathen and benighted. Another of the sketches refers to the raising of the American colors in the little settlement of Alton, near Blue Creek, a characteristic sketch of the little river towns below Louisville. I must not forget to refer to the fleet of thirteen steamers, which, under Captain Philips, brought down the material for the bridge, a rough sketch of which I obtained at New Albany.

Of the Hospital, Mr. Travis writes that it was built by the United States in 1850–'51, at a cost of $50,000. Paducah is considered the most healthy place in the West, and hence the hospital has not had much business as yet. Dr. Hamilton, Surgeon of the Ninth Illinois Regiment, mentioned to Mr. Travis that, on looking over the old books, he never found over sixteen patients reported on any one day. Paducah has been threatened by the rebels for some time, but has never been attacked, and probably never will be.

M'CLELLAN.

So much thy Country loves thee, youthful Chief!
So wholly in thy Genius do we trust,
That all our hopes and fears on thee we thrust,
In one impulsive sweetness of belief.
So eagerly we drink the flattering tale,
Of all that thou art doing and hast done,
That on the wild wings of each Autumn gale
We list thy praises; and beneath the sun
No man treads on this sacred soil to-day
Revered and loved as thou art. But we ask
A vast return for this great love; thy task
Is to redeem thy Country! Hope and pray;
And may the Great God, hearing, smile on thine intent!
He is our trust, and thou His chosen Instrument.

Blackstone, Massachusetts, *Oct.*, 1861.



DINING-ROOM OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" DURING THE GALE.—Sketched by C. F. Hayward.—[See Page 674.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXX.

I called that day on Mrs. Poyntz, and communicated to her the prospect of the glad news I had received.

She was still at work on the everlasting knitting, her firm fingers linking mesh into mesh as she listened; and when I had done, she laid her skein deliberately down, and said, in her favorite characteristic formula,

"So at last!—that is settled!"

She rose and paced the room as men are apt to do in reflection—women rarely need such movement to aid their thoughts—her eyes were fixed on the floor, and one hand was lightly pressed on the palm of the other, the gesture of a musing reasoner who is approaching the close of a difficult calculation.

At length she paused fronting me, and said, dryly,

"Accept my congratulations—life smiles on you now—guard that smile, and when we meet next may we be even firmer friends than we are now!"

"When we meet next—that will be to-night—you surely go to the mayor's great ball [illegible] the Hill descends to Low Town [illegible]"

"No; we are obli[illegible] this afternoon—in less than [illegible] hours we shall be gone—a family engagement. We may be weeks away; you will excuse me, then, if I take leave of you so unceremoniously. Stay: a motherly word of caution. That friend of yours, Mr. Margrave! Moderate your intimacy with him, and especially after you are married. There is in that stranger, of whom so little is known, a something which I can not comprehend—a something that captivates, and yet revolts. I find him disturbing my thoughts, perplexing my conjectures, haunting my fancies—I, plain woman of the world! Lilian is imaginative: beware of her imagination, even when sure of her heart. Beware of Margrave. The sooner he quits L——, the better, believe me, for your peace of mind. Adieu, I must prepare for our journey."

"That woman," muttered I, on quitting her house, "seems to have some strange spite against my poor Lilian, ever seeking to rouse my own distrust of that exquisite nature which has just given me such proof of its truth. And yet—and yet—is that woman so wrong here? True! Margrave with his wild notions, his strange beauty!—true—true—he might dangerously encourage that turn for the mystic and visionary which distresses me in Lilian. Lilian should not know him. How induce him to leave L——? Ah—those experiments on which he asks my assistance! I might commence them when he comes again, and then invent some reason to send him for completer tests to the famous chemists of Paris or Berlin."

It is the night of the mayor's ball! The guests are assembling fast; county families twelve miles round have been invited, as well as the principal families of the town. All, before proceeding to the room set apart for the dance, move in procession through the museum—homage to science before pleasure!

The building was brilliantly lighted, and the effect was striking, perhaps because singular and grotesque. There, amidst stands of flowers and evergreens, lit up with colored lamps, were grouped the dead representatives of races all inferior—some deadly—to man. The fancy of the ladies had been permitted to decorate and arrange these types of the animal world. The tiger glared with glass eyes from amidst artificial reeds and herbage, as from his native jungle; the grizzly white bear peered from a mimic iceberg. There, in front, stood the sage elephant, facing a hideous hippopotamus; while an anaconda twined its long spire round the stem of some tropical tree in zinc. In glass cases, brought into full light by festooned lamps, were dread specimens of the reptile race—scorpion and vampire, and cobra capella, with insects of gorgeous hues, not a few of them with venomed stings.

But the chief boast of the collection was in the varieties of the genus simia—baboons and apes, chimpanzees, with their human visage, mockeries of man, from the dwarf monkeys perched on boughs lopped from the mayor's shrubberies, to the formidable orang-outang leaning on his huge club.

Every one expressed to the mayor delight, and to each other antipathy, for this unwonted and somewhat ghastly, though instructive addition to the revels of a ball-room.

Margrave, of course, was there, and seemingly quite at home, gliding from group to group of gayly-dressed ladies, and brilliant with a childish eagerness to play off the showman. These stuffed carcasses he appeared to animate into life by quick, short anecdotes of their habits when blood circled through their veins. Many of these grim fellow-creatures he declared he had seen, played, or fought with. He had something true or false to say about each. In his high spirits he contrived to make the tiger move, and imitated the hiss of the terrible anaconda. All that he did had its grace, its charm; and the buzz of admiration and the flattering glances of ladies' eyes followed him wherever he moved.

However, there was a general feeling of relief when the mayor led the way from the museum into the ball-room. In provincial parties guests arrive pretty much within the same hour, and so few who had once paid their respects to the apes and serpents, the hippopotamus and the tiger, were disposed to repeat the visit, that long before eleven o'clock the collection was as free from the intrusion of human life as were the native haunts of its lifeless tenants.

I had gone my round through the rooms, and, little disposed to be social, had crept into the retreat of a window-niche, pleased to think myself screened by its draperies—not that I was melancholy, far from it—for the letter I had received that morning from Lilian had raised my whole being into a sovereignty of happiness high beyond the reach of the young pleasure-hunters whose voices and laughter blended with that vulgar music.

To read her letter again I had stolen to my nook—and now, sure that none saw me kiss it, I replaced it in my bosom. I looked through the parted curtain; the room was comparatively empty; but there, through the open folding-doors, I saw the gay crowd gathered round the dancers; and there again, at right angles, a vista along the corridor afforded a glimpse of the great elephant in the deserted museum.

Presently I heard, close beside me, my host's voice.

"Here's a cool corner, a pleasant sofa, you can have it all to yourself; what an honor to receive you under my roof, and on this interesting occasion! Yes, as you say, great changes are here since you left us. Society is much improved. I must look about and find some persons to introduce to you. Clever! oh, I know your tastes. We have a wonderful man—a new doctor. Carries all before him—very high character, too—good old family—greatly looked up to, even apart from his profession. Dogmatic a little—a Sir Oracle—'Lets no dog bark;' you remember the quotation—Shakspeare. Where on earth is he? My dear Sir Philip, I am sure you would enjoy his conversation."

Sir Philip! Could it be Sir Philip Derval to whom the mayor was giving a flattering, yet scarcely propitiatory description of myself? Curiosity combined with a sense of propriety in not keeping myself an unsuspected listener: I emerged from the curtain, but silently, and reached the centre of the room before the mayor perceived me. He then came up to me eagerly, linked his arm in mine, and leading me to a gentleman seated on a sofa close by the window I had quitted, said:

"Doctor, I must present you to Sir Philip Derval, just returned to England, and not six hours in L——. If you would like to see the museum again, Sir Philip, the doctor, I'm sure, will accompany you."

"No, I thank you; it is painful to me at present to see, even under your roof, the collection which my poor dear friend, Dr. Lloyd, was so proudly beginning to form when I left these parts."

"Ay, Sir Philip—Dr. Lloyd was a worthy man in his way, but sadly duped in his latter years: took to mesmerism, only think. But our young doctor here showed him up, I can tell you."

Sir Philip, who had acknowledged my first introduction to his acquaintance by the quiet courtesy with which a well-bred man goes through a ceremony which custom enables him to endure with equal ease and indifference, now evinced by a slight change of manner how little the mayor's reference to my dispute with Dr. Lloyd advanced me in his good opinion. He turned away with a bow more formal than his first one, and said, calmly,

"I regret to hear that a man so simple-minded and so sensitive as Dr. Lloyd should have provoked an encounter in which I can well conceive him to have been worsted. With your leave, Mr. Mayor, I will look into your ball-room. I may perhaps find there some old acquaintances."

He walked toward the dancers, and the mayor, linking his arm in mine, followed close behind, saying, in his loud, hearty tones,

"Come along, you too, Dr. Fenwick, my girls are there; you have not spoken to them yet."

Sir Philip, who was then half-way across the room, turned round abruptly, and looking me full in the face, said,

"Fenwick, is your name Fenwick?—Allen Fenwick?"

"That is my name, Sir Philip."

"Then permit me to shake you by the hand; you are no stranger, and no mere acquaintance to me. Mr. Mayor, we will look into your ball-room later; do not let us keep you now from your other guests."

The mayor, not in the least offended by being thus summarily dismissed, smiled, walked on, and was soon lost among the crowd.

Sir Philip, still retaining my hand, reseated himself on the sofa, and I took my place by his side. The room was still deserted: now and then a straggler from the ball-room looked in for a moment, and then sauntered back to the central place of attraction.

"I am trying to guess," said I, "how my name should be known to you. Possibly you may, in some visit to the Lakes, have known my father?"

"No; I know none of your name but yourself—if, indeed, as I doubt not, you are the Allen Fenwick to whom I owe no small obligation. You were a medical student at Edinburgh in the year * * *?"

"Yes."

"So! At that time there was also at Edinburgh a young man, named Richard Strahan. He lodged in a fourth flat in the old town."

"I remember him very well."

"And you remember, also, that a fire broke out at night in the house in which he lodged; that when it was discovered there seemed no hope of saving him. The flames wrapped the lower part of the house; the staircase had given way. A boy, scarcely so old as himself, was the only human being in the crowd who dared to scale the ladder, that even then scarcely reached the windows from which the smoke rolled in volumes; that boy penetrated into the room—found the inmate almost insensible—rallied, supported, dragged him to the window—got him on the ladder—saved his life then—and his life later, by nursing with a woman's tenderness, through the fever caused by terror and excitement, the fellow-creature he had rescued by a man's daring. The name of that gallant student was Allen Fenwick, and Richard Strahan is my nearest living relation. Are we friends now?"

I answered confusedly. I had almost forgotten the circumstance referred to. Richard Strahan had not been one of my more intimate companions, and I had never seen nor heard of him since leaving college. I inquired what had become of him.

"He is at the Scotch bar," said Sir Philip, "and of course without practice. I understand that he has fair average abilities, but no application. If I am rightly informed he is, however, a thoroughly honorable, upright man, and of an affectionate and grateful disposition."

"I can answer for all you have said in his praise. He had the qualities you name too deeply rooted in youth to have lost them now."

Sir Philip remained for some moments in a musing silence. And I took advantage of that silence to examine him with more minute attention than I had done before, much as the first sight of him had struck me.

He was somewhat below the common height. So delicately formed that you might call him rather fragile than slight. But in his carriage and air there was remarkable dignity. His countenance was at direct variance with his figure. For as delicacy was the attribute of the last, so power was unmistakably the characteristic of the first. He looked full the age his steward had ascribed to him—about forty-eight; at a superficial glance, more; for his hair was prematurely white—not gray, but white as snow—soft, thick, rather long, and with a careless wave at the sides. But his eyebrows were still jet black, and his eyes, equally dark, were serenely bright. His forehead was magnificent; lofty, and spacious, and with only one slight wrinkle between the brows. His complexion was sunburned, showing no sign of weak health. The outline of his lips was that which I have often remarked in men accustomed to great dangers, and contracting in such dangers the habit of self-reliance; firm and quiet, compressed without an effort. And the power of this very noble countenance was not intimidating, not aggressive; it was mild—it was benignant. A man oppressed by some formidable tyranny, and despairing to find a protector, would, on seeing that face, have said, "Here is one who can protect me, and who will!"

Sir Philip was the first to break the silence.

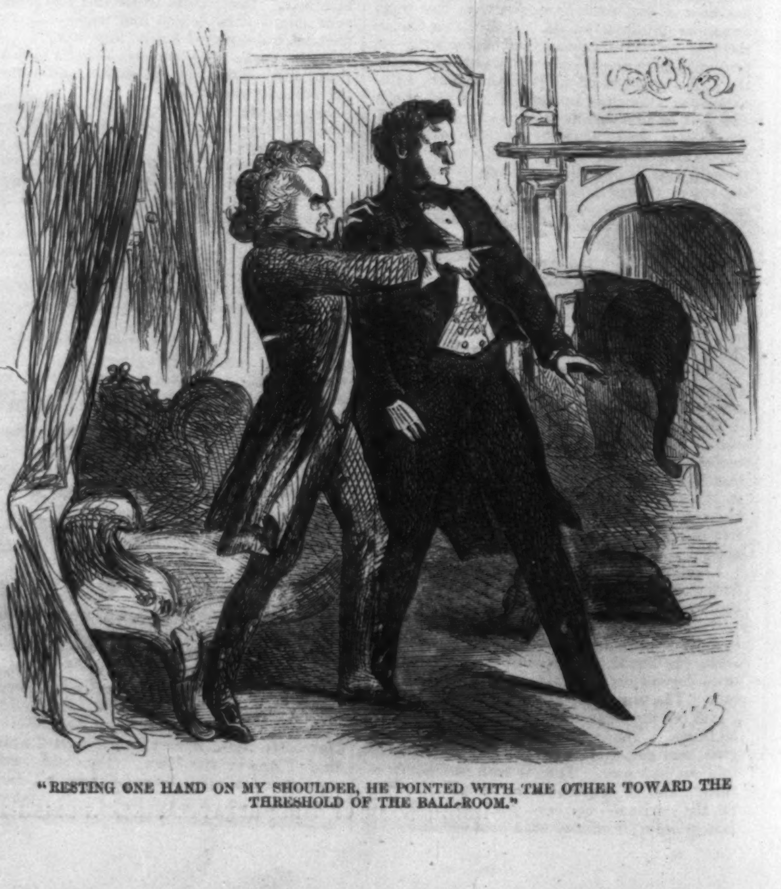
"I have so many relations scattered over England that fortunately not one of them can venture to calculate on my property if I die childless, and therefore not one of them can feel himself injured when he shall read in the newspapers that Sir Philip Derval is married. But for Richard Strahan, at least, though I never saw him, I must do something before the newspapers make that announcement. His sister was very dear to me."

"Your neighbors, Sir Philip, will rejoice at your marriage, since, I presume, it may induce you to settle among them at Derval Court."

"At Derval Court! No! I shall not settle there." Again he paused a moment or so, and then went on. "I have long lived a wandering life, and in it learned much that the wisdom of cities can not teach. I return to my native land with a profound conviction that the happiest life is the life most in common with all. I have gone out of my way to do what I deemed good, and to avert or mitigate what appeared to me evil. I pause now and ask myself, whether the most virtuous existence be not that in which virtue flows spontaneously from the springs of quiet, every-day action; when a man does good without restlessly seeking it, does good unconsciously, simply because he is good and he lives? Better, perhaps, for me if I had thought so long ago! And now I come back to England with the intention of marrying, late in life though it be, and with such hopes of happiness as any matter-of-fact man may form. But my home will not be at Derval Court. I shall reside either in London or its immediate neighborhood, and seek to gather round me minds by which I can correct—I fear I must not add, to which I can confide—the knowledge I myself have acquired."

"Nay, if, as I have accidentally heard, you are fond of scientific pursuits, I can not wonder that, after so long an absence from England, you should feel interest in learning what new discoveries have been made, what new ideas are unfolding the germs of discoveries yet to be. But pardon me if, in answer to your concluding remark, I venture to say that no man can hope to correct any error in his own knowledge unless he has the courage to confide the error to those who can correct. La Place has said, '*Tout se tient dans la chaîne immense des vérités;*' and the mistake we make in some science we have specially cultivated is often only to be seen by the light of a separate science as specially cultivated by another. Thus, in the investigation of truth, frank exposition to congenial minds is essential to the earnest seeker."

"I am pleased with what you say," said Sir Philip, "and I shall be still more pleased to find in you the very confidant I require. But what was your controversy with my old friend, Dr. Lloyd? Do I understand our host rightly, that it related to what in Europe has of late days obtained the name of mesmerism?"



"RESTING ONE HAND ON MY SHOULDER, HE POINTED WITH THE OTHER TOWARD THE THRESHOLD OF THE BALL-ROOM."

I had conceived a strong desire to conciliate the good opinion of a man who had treated me with so singular and so familiar a kindness, and it was sincerely that I expressed my regret at the acerbity with which I had assailed Dr. Lloyd; but of his theories and pretensions I could not disguise my contempt. I enlarged on the extravagant fallacies involved in a fabulous "clairvoyance," which always failed when put to plain test by sober-minded examiners. I did not deny the effects of imagination on certain nervous constitutions. "Mesmerism could cure nobody; credulity could cure many. There was the well-known story of the old woman tried as a witch; she cured agues by a charm; she owned the impeachment, and was ready to endure gibbet or stake for the truth of her talisman—more than a mesmerist would for the truth of his passes! And the charm was a scroll of gibberish sewn in an old bag and given to the woman in a freak by the judge himself when a young scamp on the circuit. But the charm cured? Certainly; just as mesmerism cures. Fools believed in it. Faith, that moves mountains, may well cure agues."

Thus I ran on, supporting my views with anecdotes and facts, to which Sir Philip listened with placid gravity.

When I had come to an end, he said, "Of mesmerism, as practiced in Europe, I know nothing, except by report. I can well understand that medical men may hesitate to admit it among the legitimate resources of orthodox pathology; because, as I gather from what you and others say of its practice, it must, at the best, be far too uncertain in its application to satisfy the requirements of science. Yet an examination of its pretensions may enable you to perceive the truth that lies hid in the powers ascribed to witchcraft; benevolence is but a weak agency compared to malignity; magnetism perverted to evil may solve half the riddles of sorcery. On this, however, I say no more at present. But as to that which you appear to reject as the most preposterous and incredible pretension of the mesmerists, and which you designate by the word 'clairvoyance,' it is clear to me that you have never yourself witnessed even those very imperfect exhibitions which you decide at once to be imposture. I say imperfect, because it is only a limited number of persons whom the eye or the passes of the mesmerist can affect, and by such means, unaided by other means, it is rarely indeed that the magnetic sleep advances beyond the first vague, shadowy twilight dawn of that condition to which only in its fuller developments I would apply the name of 'trance.' But still trance is as essential a condition of being as sleep or as waking, having privileges peculiar to itself. By means within the range of the science that explores its nature and its laws, trance, unlike the clairvoyance you describe, is producible in every human being, however unimpressible to mere mesmerism."

"Producible in every human being! Pardon me if I say that I will give any enchanter his own terms who will produce that effect upon me."

"Will you? You consent to have the experiment tried on yourself?"

"Consent most readily."

"I will remember that promise. But to return to the subject. By the word trance I do not mean exclusively the spiritual trance of the Alexandrian Platonists. There is one kind of trance—that to which all human beings are susceptible—in which the soul has no share; for of this kind of trance, and it was of this I spoke, some of the inferior animals are susceptible; and, therefore, trance is no more a proof of soul than is the clairvoyance of the mesmerists, or the dream of our ordinary sleep, which last has been called a proof of soul, though any man who has kept a dog must have observed that dogs dream as vividly as we do. But in this trance there is an extraordinary cerebral activity—a projectile force given to the mind—distinct from the soul—by which it sends forth its own emanations to a distance in spite of material obstacles, just as a flower, in an altered condition of atmosphere, sends forth the particles of its aroma. This should not surprise you. Your thought travels over land and sea in your waking state; thought, too, can travel in trance, and in trance may acquire an intensified force. There is, however, another kind of trance which is truly called spiritual, a trance much more rare, and in which the soul entirely supersedes the mere action of the mind."

"Stay," said I, "you speak of the soul as something distinct from the mind. What the soul may be I can not pretend to conjecture. But I can not separate it from the intelligence!"

"Can you not! A blow on the brain can destroy the intelligence; do you think it can destroy the soul? It is recorded of Newton, that, in the decline of his life, his mind had so worn out its functions that his own theorems had become to him unintelligible. Can you suppose that Newton's soul was as worn out as his mind? If you can not distinguish mind from soul, I know not by what rational inductions you arrive at the conclusion that the soul is imperishable."

I remained silent. Sir Philip fixed on me his dark eyes quietly and searchingly, and after a short pause said:

"Almost every known body in nature is susceptible of three several states of existence—the solid, the liquid, the aeriform. These conditions depend on the quantity of heat they contain. The same object at one moment may be liquid, at the next moment solid, at the next aeriform. The water that flows before your gaze may stop consolidated into ice, or ascend into air as vapor. Thus is man susceptible of three states of existence—the animal, the mental, the spiritual—and according as he is brought into relation or affinity with that occult agency of the whole natural world, which we familiarly call HEAT, and which no science has yet explained; which no scale can weigh, and no eye discern; one or the other of these three states of being prevails or is subjected."

I still continued silent, for I was unwilling discourteously to say to a stranger, so much older than myself, that he seemed to me to reverse all the maxims of the philosophy to which he made pretense, in founding speculations audacious and abstruse upon metaphorical comparisons that would have been fantastic even in a poet. And Sir Philip, after another pause, resumed with a half smile:

"After what I have said, it will perhaps not very much surprise you when I add that but for my belief in the powers I ascribe to trance, we should not be known to each other at this moment."

"How?—pray explain.

"Certain circumstances, which I trust to relate to you in detail hereafter, have imposed on me the duty to discover, and to bring human laws to bear upon, a creature armed with terrible powers of evil. This monster—for, without metaphor, monster it is, not man like ourselves—has, by arts superior to those of ordinary fugitives, however dextrous in concealment, hitherto for years eluded my research. Through the trance of an Arab child, who in her waking state never heard of his existence, I have learned that this being is in England—is in L——. I am here to encounter him. I expect to do so this very night, and under this very roof."

"Sir Philip!"

"And if you wonder, as you well may, why I have been talking to you with this startling unreserve, know that the same Arab child, on whom I thus implicitly rely, informs me that it is ultimately through reliance on your agency or aid that the fearful course of the existence I seek to unmask and to terminate will be brought to a close."

"By my agency or aid—your Arab child named me, Allen Fenwick?"

"My Arab child told me that the person thus instrumental to my object was he who had saved the life of the man whom I then meant for my heir, if I died unmarried and childless. She told me that I should not be many hours in this town, which she described minutely, before you would be made known to me. She described this house, with yonder lights and yon dancers. In her trance she saw us sitting together, as now we sit. I accepted the invitation of our host when he suddenly accosted me on entering the town, confident that I should meet you here, without even asking whether a person of your name were a resident in the place; and now you know why I have so freely unbosomed myself of much that might well make you, a physician, doubt the soundness of my understanding. The same infant, whose vision has been realized up to this moment, has warned me also that I am here at great peril. What that peril may be I have declined to learn, as I have ever declined to ask from the future what affects only my own life on this earth. That life I regard with supreme indifference, conscious that I have only to discharge, while it lasts, the duties for which it is imposed on me to the best of my imperfect power; and aware that minds the strongest and souls the purest may fall into the sloth habitual to predestinarians if they suffer the actions due to the present hour to be awed and paralyzed by some grim shadow on the future! It is only where, irrespectively of aught that can menace myself, a light not struck out of my own reason can guide me to disarm evil or minister to good, that I feel privileged to avail myself of those mirrors on which things, near and far, reflect themselves calm and distinct as the banks and the mountain peaks are reflected in the glass of a lake. Here, then, under this roof, and by your side, I shall behold him who— Lo! the moment has come—I behold him now!"

As he spoke these last words Sir Philip had risen, and, startled by his action and voice, I involuntarily rose too.

Resting one hand on my shoulder, he pointed with the other toward the threshold of the ball-room. There, the prominent figure of a gay group—the sole male amidst a fluttering circle of silks and lawn, of flowery wreaths, of female loveliness, and female frippery—stood the radiant image of Margrave. His eyes were not turned toward us. He was looking down, and his light laugh came soft, yet ringing, through the general murmur.

I turned my astonished gaze back to Sir Philip—yes, unmistakably it was on Margrave that his look was fixed.

Impossible to associate crime with the image of that fair youth! Eccentric notions—fantastic speculations—vivacious egotism—defective benevolence—yes. But crime! No—impossible.

"Impossible!" I said, aloud. As I spoke the group had moved on. Margrave was no longer in sight. At the same moment some other guests came from the ball-room and seated themselves near us.

Sir Philip looked round, and observing the deserted museum at the end of the corridor, drew me into it.

When we were alone he said in a voice quick and low, but decided:

"It is of importance that I should convince you at once of the nature of that prodigy which is more hostile to mankind than the wolf is to the sheepfold. No words of mine could at present suffice to clear your sight from the deception which cheats it. I must enable you to judge for yourself. It must be now, and here. He will learn this night, if he has not learned already, that I am in the town. Dim and confused though his memories of myself may be, they are memories still; and he well knows what cause he has to dread me. I must put another in possession of his secret; and who but yourself, through whom his career is to be ended? Another, and at once. For all his arts will be brought to bear against me, and I can not foretell their issue. Go, then; enter that giddy crowd—select that seeming young man—bring him hither. Take care only not to mention my name; and when here, turn the key in the door, so as to prevent interruption—five minutes will suffice."

"Am I sure that I guess whom you mean? The young light-hearted man, known in this place under the name of Margrave? The young man with the radiant eyes, and the curls of a Grecian statue?"

"The same; him whom I pointed out; quick, bring him hither."

My curiosity was too much roused to disobey. Had I conceived that Margrave, in the heat of youth, had committed some offense which placed him in danger of the law and in the power of Sir Philip Derval, I possessed enough of the old borderers' black-mail loyalty to have given to the man whose hand I had familiarly clasped a hint and a help to escape. But all Sir Philip's talk had been so out of the reach of common sense, that I rather expected to see him confounded by some egregious illusion than Margrave exposed to any well-grounded accusation. All, then, that I felt as I walked into the ball-room and approached Margrave, was that curiosity which, I think, any one of my readers will acknowledge that, in my position, he himself would have felt.

Margrave was standing near the dancers, not joining them, but talking with a young couple in the ring. I drew him aside.

"Come with me for a few minutes into the museum; I wish to talk to you."

"What about? an experiment?"

"Yes, an experiment."

"Then I am at your service."

In a minute more he had followed me into the desolate, dead museum. I looked round but did not see Sir Philip.

COLONEL WILSON'S CAMP ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

On page 678 we illustrate the Camp of the Sixth New York Volunteers, Colonel Wilson, on Santa Rosa Island, from a sketch by Charles F. Allgouer of the Sixth Regiment. It will be noticed that the tents are all provided with shelters to protect the inmates from the blistering heat of the Gulf sun. A letter from the camp says:

> A far more contented spirit exists among the men than did a month or two since. A fresh supply of tents has been given out, so that they have covering sufficient to shelter them from the rains. A prize schooner, laden with boards, went ashore on the beach opposite the camp, and permission was granted to the soldiers to appropriate as much as they needed to the flooring of their tents.
>
> Very little sickness prevails in the camp. There are but twenty of our men in the hospital. Two cases of typhoid fever have occurred; both the patients are now convalescing. We have not lost a man since coming upon the island.

A BALLOON RECONNOISSANCE.

On page 679 we publish a picture entitled a War Balloon preparing for a Reconnoissance, from a sketch by Mr. Ed. Pietsch.

The balloon shown in our picture is that which is sailed by Mr. Lowe, and is stationed on Arlington Heights, close to the head-quarters of General M'Dowell. Every day or two, or whenever the scouts bring in intelligence of a movement by the enemy, an ascent is made, and accurate information is thus obtained of the state of affairs. Professor La Mountain is serving with his balloon at Fortress Monroe; much useful information has been obtained by him in his various ascents.

The use of War Balloons did not become general until the Italian war, in 1859. During that war Napoleon used them regularly, and when the rebellion broke out in this country, our aeronauts had no difficulty in obtaining employment from Government. The War Balloon is attached to the earth by a strong but fine rope. It ascends from two to five hundred feet in the air, and is hauled down when its aims have been fulfilled. The importance of gaining such a height for observation can be appreciated by all readers of military annals.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

We publish on page 679, from a sketch by Mr. A. Simplot, a View of General Fremont's Camp at Jefferson City, Missouri. It is known that Frémont left this camp some time since. The following account of it, when he was there, is from a letter in the *Tribune:*

> All the hills and slopes around Jefferson are dotted with tents, and our forces now here are not far below 15,000. General Frémont's head-quarters are at "Camp Lillie," a mile south of the Capitol. The telegraph wire has been laid out to it, connecting it with Sedalia, Ironton, Cairo, Paducah, and St. Louis. The wires will follow him westward as far as he goes. The troops here (many of them raw) are subjected to severe and systematic drill. General Frémont has taken possession of the Penitentiary, using all its work-shops in outfitting our troops for the field, and in a short time the army will be thoroughly organized and equipped, ready for a general forward movement.
>
> The distance from Jefferson to Lexington by land is 115 miles. About 15,000 of our troops have already gone forward to the terminus of the railroad, 60 miles west of this city, and are waiting for the remainder of the army to join them. From 1000 to 3000 are going forward daily. General Siegel, of Carthage fame, is in command of the entire advance, with his head-quarters at Sedalia.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

We publish on page 676 an illustration of the Grand Review which took place at Washington on 8th October. It was sketched by one of our correspondents from the roof of the Alms-house, east of the Capitol, and looking west. The review was thus described in the Washington correspondence of the *Tribune:*

> General M'Clellan reviewed a portion of the cavalry and artillery on this side of the Potomac to-day, on the broad plain east of the Capitol. Fifty-five hundred cavalry, drawn up by squadrons and regiments on the left, and eighteen batteries, each by itself, on the right, awaited the General, whose arrival with his staff was announced by a salute about 12½ o'clock. After riding rapidly along the line, he took a position on a gentle rise of land, and the artillery first, guns and caissons in battery line, swept by, followed by the cavalry. Among the batteries, none received more praise than that from Massachusetts, which arrived only two days ago. There were five batteries from Pennsylvania and three regular—112 guns in all—under command of General Barry, Chief of Artillery. The cavalry consisted of ten companies of the 5th, eight of the 6th, two of the 4th, and one of the 2d Regular Cavalry; 1st, 2d, and 3d (Kentucky) Pennsylvania, with four companies of the 4th, 1st New Jersey, 2d and 3d (Lincoln) New York, and four companies of the 4th, six companies of the 1st Indiana, and three companies unattached, all under the immediate command of General Palmer. Nearly four times as many were reviewed as on the previous occasion. General M'Clellan expressed himself more than satisfied. He noticed a marked improvement. The display of artillery was particularly fine, the guns, horses, and men being in the best condition. In many squadrons of the cavalry all the horses were of one color, which will be universally the case as soon as General Stoneman, Chief of Cavalry, can arrange it. He will also brigade the various regiments, and number them as volunteer cavalry, ignoring States. The President and Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary and Assistant-Secretary Seward, Generals Blenker, M'Dowell, Sickles, Hooker, and Porter were present.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

He lay upon the battle-field,
  Where late the clash of arms was heard,
And from his pallid lips there came,
  In broken accents, but one word.

"Mother!" was all the soldier said,
  As freshly from his wounded side
The hot blood flowed, and bore away
  His life upon its crimson tide.

Bravest among the brave he rushed,
  Without a single throb of fear,
And loudest mid the tumult pealed,
  In clarion tones, his charging cheer.

"On to the contest, comrades, on!
  Strike for the Union; strike for fame!
Who lives will win his country's praise,
  Who dies will leave a glorious name!"

He fell amidst the clouds of strife
  Among an undistinguished train,
Foremost upon the battle-field,
  And first beneath the heaps of slain.

Dying, he turned him from the flag
  Whose starry folds still onward waved;
Dying, he thought no more of fame,
  Of victory won or country saved.

But of his home and her he loved
  His sad, departing spirit sighed;
"Mother!" the soldier fondly said,
  And, looking to the North, he died.

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